The
FORUM
A Magazine of Constructive Nationalism

APRIL, 1918

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT FOR MAY FORUM

An Article of Vital Importance to Every Woman . . MARY AUSTIN
A Condition in France of Interest to Every American . ANNE MORGAN
What Dewey Feared at Manila Bay . . . . . EDWIN WILDMAN

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Some New Contributors to April Forum

United States Senator Lee Slater Overman, the author of the Overman Bill for co-ordinating Government war conditions, and the exponent of President Wilson's policies in the Senate, has complimented THE FORUM by contributing the first article he has given for six years, for publication. Senator Overman was President of the Democratic State Convention in 1900, and presidential elector at large in 1900. He is a trustee of the University of North Carolina, and Trinity College.

The Right Hon. Sir George Reid, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., M.P., was formerly Premier of Australia, and First High Commissioner for Australia in London. He is now Member of Parliament for St. George; Hanover Square, London. Sir George has recently delivered many addresses in the United States, concerning British and Colonial efforts to win the war, testifying also, to the loyalty and solidarity of the British Empire, and the gratitude all Britishers feel for that new gospel of humanity, which was embodied in the War of Independence, and the American Constitution. He has returned to London.

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's fame as a writer of characteristic American fiction needs no introduction. She is known the world over for the lovable types and dramatic narratives of the every day life of real people.

Former Attorney General of the United States John W. Griggs was a member of President McKinley's cabinet, previous to which he was Governor of New Jersey. He has been a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague since 1901.

Former Ambassador to Austria-Hungary, Frederic Courtland Penfield, is a distinguished writer and diplomat, decorated by many European rulers. He was Consul General and Minister Resident to Egypt and has occupied many responsible posts for the United States Government.

Baroness Franziska Von Heddemann was court dressmaker to Queen Mary of England and the Czarina of Russia, Queen of Roumania and has placed her imprint upon European court fashions for a quarter of a century. She is the author of "Love Stories of Court Beauties." She is now residing in America.

President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University;

Dr. Jas. J. Walsh, eminent author and physician;

Prof. Charles B. Davenport, Director for the Department of Experimental Evolution, Carnegie Institute.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University;

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, formerly of the U. S. Bureau of Chemistry;

Dr. William A. White of the Government Hospital of the Insane;

Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, of the Life Extension Institute; and

Hon. William Jennings Bryan, contributors to the Symposium, "Can Man Stop Drinking?" are all National figures of familiar fame to American readers.

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The
FORUM
For April, 1918

IF GERMANY SHOULD WIN!

By THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE REID, G.C.B.

FORMERLY PREMIER OF AUSTRALIA, AND FIRST HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR AUSTRALIA IN LONDON, NOW MEMBER OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT

LET us turn aside for a moment from our confident belief in the success of our arms and contemplate the consequences of a German victory.

But first let us remember the nature of the Prussian character, for that is the governing factor in all things German.

Prussians are a peculiar mixture of barbaric medieval and modern forces. They have mobilized patriotism, culture, and brute force with consummate thoroughness. The choice between preeminence in peaceful enterprise, and preeminence in war was one which Germany enjoyed beyond any other nation in 1914. There were intelligent observers, even ex-Ambassadors at that time who thought the German choice would be in favor of pacific penetration. They knew all about the military craze for "the day," but believed that the rapid spread of Germany's commerce, to say nothing of the socialists in Germany, or the triple Entente—would keep the Kaiser quiet. His "mailed fist" for the colored races, and "his shining sword" for his European neighbors—well—he was fond of tall talk, but had kept the peace for many years.

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Unhappily Bismarck had made war, hypocrisy, and deceit, splendid Prussian investments, yielding fame, empire and unexampled prosperity to every German who really counted. The wars of 1864, 1866 and 1870 were proofs that the German God was to be depended upon. Just as the German Emperor is a "War Lord," the German God is a "War God." Treitschke writes, "the living God will see to it that war will always recur as a drastic medicine for the human race." A fitting pendant to that is the maxim of the German General Staff which covers every source of atrocity in war—"It is permissible for the belligerent State to have recourse to all means which enable it to attain the object of the war." A full explanation of the rape of Belgium is furnished by the dictum of a world known German General—Von Hartmann—"international war must beware of paralyzing military action by placing fetters upon it."

In 1914 Russia was showing signs of a new life in spite of the Kaiser's dear friend and brother, "Nicky," and France was no longer the creature of a bastard Imperialism. Could Germany afford to wait?

As for Britain, was not her power in the hands of the peace party and her Empire crumbling? Would she not temporize until it was too late to check the great adventure?

As for the United States—were they not too busy making riches to interfere, and would they not keep out of trouble? Besides, was not German power immense, above and below, in that distant land of freedom?

Those two dastardly assassinations which gave Austria her chance of crushing Serbia forced the tremendous issue of peace and war to a climax. With characteristic audacity, Germany replied to Sir Edward Grey's almost frenzied appeals that she was afraid to interfere as it might provoke Austria to some irretrievable step. At the eleventh hour Austria tried to back down. Then Germany flashed her ultimatum to Russia.

During the nineteenth century war became more chivalrous and humane. Solemn treaties, and the germs of an international conscience sought to safeguard the lives of the

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sick and the wounded, of doctors, nurses and all non-combatants on land and sea.

THE HATRED OF NATIONS WAS DYING OUT

The result of these alleviations of the horrors of war had been marvellously good. The hatreds of warring nations began to die out with the last whiff of battle smoke. Russia and Japan, the Briton and the Boer were glorious proofs of that.

The world had a right to expect that Germany, the leader of Europe in philosophy and culture, would fight upon these decent lines, would at least observe the rules of international law as embodied in treaties of her own making.

Alas! Germany has degraded war to a level of lawlessness and treachery, and brutality, which has no parallel vile enough in modern history. Her word has become a by-word. Her most solemn oath may be a shameless lie. "Germany above all" means Germany above every law, human or divine. Her enemies she holds bound to a course of rectitude, even if she had to invent the breaches of good faith which she passionately denounces.

The versatile genius of German patriotism, freed from any obligation to truth or honesty, has performed prodigies of mischief and corruption. Nowhere is this more evident than in America where Germany's last hope of detaching a great enemy from her "associates" is centred. Germany cannot corrupt or bamboozle Britain, France, Italy or Japan. She has shown in the case of Russia what a basis of "no annexation or indemnities" can be twisted into. But in the United States, whose war advent she ridiculed, has she exhausted her bribes or her powers for mischief? If she could only entice President Wilson into some by-path that would set Germany's enemies at cross purposes, and neutralize three years and a half of glorious valor in the battleports of freedom, would not the Kaiser have indeed reason to thank his German God for a crowning mercy?

The wonderful thoroughness and brilliant wisdom of

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President Wilson since April last will efface many bitter memories. He may have been slow to move, but when he did throw down the gauntlet his wonderfully vigorous lead found an equally wonderful backing from the American nation. What is not American in spirit in the United States is hiding in cellars now. For God's sake, keep it there!

The thoroughness of German methods is notorious, whether in the arts of peace, or in the prosecution of war. But that thoroughness in the settlement of the terms of a German peace would have quite a number of terrible consequences for vanquished enemies and for all the rest of the world, too, that had not aided and abetted German villainy.

TERRIBLE CONSEQUENCES FOR VANQUISHED ENEMIES

The chief aim of America, Britain, France and Italy, in fighting Germany to death, is to establish a peace that will make war in the future impossible. The Germain aim is also to establish a peace that will make war in the future impossible. These aims seem identical but they have vastly different results in view when expressed in English or in German.

An allied victory or peace—call it what you will—would aim at the re-establishment of law and the placing of human freedom and the world's peace on an impregnable basis—would aim at the removal of national discords and oppressions—the re-establishment of national security and honesty—and the defeat of a blood-thirsty attempt to enslave free nations. That victory would restore to the world the blessings of civilization and the benefits of democracy. It would prevent the degradation and defeat of national and individual ideals. It would mean arbitration instead of murder, perpetual peace instead of everlasting fear, extravagance and bloodshed.

The German peace would make war impossible too, but by making freedom impossible—by stripping the free nations of any power of offense or defense against their conquerors for all time, a real German victory means the strip-

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ping of Britain and America of their fleets and their powers of resistance with no reasonable prospect of ever building them up again. It would mean financial as well as every other kind of national ruin. We would be allowed to live in order to work off that stupendous German war debt, added to our own. Terrible as such calamities would be, they would be far more easily borne than the presence of a German soldiery in our homes—all the pavements would be free for our conquerors, all the gutters for the descendants of British, American, French and Italian patriots who bled and died in the centuries of the past in order that the world might reach freedom at last.

One of the most plausible of German tricks in these United States is the endeavor to revive bitter American memories by lauding France and decrying Britain. Though England was once a conquering and aggressive power, in her worst day she was angelic when compared with the modern German Hun. During the past three-quarters of a century, largely owing to the new gospel of democracy embodied in the War of Independence and the American Constitution, the soul of British statesmanship has been born again. All the Colonies fit for self government have got it. The three hundred and sixty millions of the colored subjects of our Imperial Crown are now the objects of a splendid benevolent trust, instead of the victims of a rapacious Conqueror.

WHAT ABOUT IRELAND?

I may be asked "What about Ireland?" Well, if Ireland has not a Parliament of her own yet, she has a large share in the greatest Parliament the world has ever seen, larger according to population than England, Scotland or Wales. According to electors, she should have about sixty members in the House of Commons, she has one hundred and three. She enjoys the benefits of remedial legislation far in advance of any the farmers of England or Scotland have. If Ireland were three thousand miles away from England, she might have had her independence long ago. Alas! Nature

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has married the two Isles geographically, and a man is rather slow to let his wife set up for herself next door.

Then Germany talks about the "freedom of the seas," as if England had been interfering with her. No ocean wave has been stained with the blood of a single helpless victim of British naval supremacy. In the British Empire there are about four hundred and fifty million souls. Germany, before the war, had just as free entrance to the trade of four hundred and thirty-five of those millions, as Britain herself. This may have been a bad policy, but there is a lot of freedom about it.

It is now abundantly clear that German friendliness in the open ports of the British Empire was part and parcel of preparation for a state of war.

GERMANY'S AFRICAN COLONIZATION

The methods of German colonization in Africa make it reasonable to believe that if Germany should win, it would be just as bad for the colored races as for those enjoying an advanced civilization. Black African armies intended to back up German designs in the Indian Ocean and in the Atlantic are among the ambitions of German statesmen. Africans unfit for soldiering would make good beasts of burden. Inherent in this and most other German visions there is one fatal drawback. They represent an era of selfish aggrandizement, which—once the universal fashion—was out of date in 1914.

The hatred which Germans cherish for England, which is now extended to Americans also, is really a compliment, because it means that to become so, Germany must crush both Britain and the United States.

Until lately national rivalry for the pride of place, and its collateral advantages, had only one vehicle of effort—violence, actual or threatened. But recently the spread of industry, the expansion of wealth, and the multiplication of human wants and opportunities, have combined to give national rivalry more chances along peaceful lines. No country

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in ancient or modern times has made a better use of these new chances than the German nation. This made it all the more surprising that Germany should risk everything upon the hazard of the world-wide war. We all thought that war had ceased to be fashionable. Every pair of royal and Imperial lips—all Ministerial utterances—proclaimed an ardent love of peace, and horror of war. True, armaments had never grown more rapidly but one and all of those in power scouted the idea of war except in self-defense.

The only two great nations that did not train their manhood to the use of arms were Great Britain and the United States. Both had powerful fleets, Britain with her world-wide Empire, and her population mainly dependent upon sea-power for food and raw materials had naturally enough supremacy in naval power. But so destitute of materials for military enterprise was Britain in July, 1914, that her small expeditionary force of 150,000 men had only 470 guns, and the plants for making rifles would only turn out 8,500 a month. The possible output of shells was 10,000 a year. To show what a peace sort of footing that was, 11,000,000 British shells were fired off in the Somme battles in two or three weeks.

THE LOYALTY OF BRITISH COLONIES

The sudden development of the British armies, and war material, has been one of the greatest wonders of the war. Greatest and grandest of all has been the turning out of vast armies of civilians at short notice which have proved equal and more than equal to the mightiest preparations of the most formidable military power the world has ever seen.

The infamous lie that British soldiers were kept out of the firing line and Colonials put in their places is one which Colonial soldiers are the first to expose and denounce. Indeed, nothing angers the Colonial soldiers more than the well meant generosity of British journalists, which does full justice to Colonial valor, but less than justice to the heroism of their own men, who constitute far more than 80 per cent of the men in the fighting front.

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The loyalty of the countless races beneath the British flag in this prolonged and desperate crisis is a sublime proof of the equity of British rule in these later days.

Nowhere would a German peace work greater evil than in the United States. Not only would American ideals of human liberty be destroyed, but from the underworld German American traitors in countless numbers would emerge from their obscurity to sharpen the edges of German brutality for American patriots.

PLAYTHINGS

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

WITH my two hands I builded hell,
Within my brain I dreamed a God,
And, groping, at his feet I fell,
At my made image overawed.

A little heaven I builded then,
And dreamed out any thought of sin;
I barred it safe against all men,
Then prayed my God to let me in.

And then one day I looked about
And saw that other children played
With other little gods and hells
And little heavens they had made.

And all the heavens and all the hells
Seemed to me suddenly so small—
I saw these things that I had made
Were only playthings, after all.

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THE WORLD STATUS OF THE GERMAN-RUSSIAN PEACE

By HON. JOHN W. GRIGGS

[FORMER ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES]

(*By Interview for the Forum*)

WE have reached the important moment in this generation when we demand indications of personal character in nations, as we have heretofore required it from individuals. In the modern expectations of international stability, it is reasonable that we should do so, not merely for self-protection against a dangerous National character, but also to enable us to strengthen some other Nation weakened through corruption or demoralization by an enemy. This is the exact dilemma in which Russia is placed today, and I prefer to feel that we should approach her case with a diagnosis that is in sympathy with her true character of a united Russian nationality.

Since the Czar was deposed Russia has been deprived of a very necessary organic feature of National character—Government with authority and power. It is the delicate balance of government authority that sustains National pride, that maintains the political integrity of a nation and confirms its right to associate equally with other nations. The collapse of this vital element in the political consciousness of any national character invalids that nation, exposes it to international distrust and compels orderly nations to evade the contagion of its disordered character.

The most incipient form of disease that eats its way into the good character of any people in these rushing times, is German propaganda. Some have called it German diplomacy; others German efficiency; but whatever name you

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give it the deadly consequences of its treacherous nature are the same. It destroys the moral fiber of National character and undermines the principles of patriotism that should pervade every nation claiming the right of autonomous government.

HAS THE RUSSIAN A NATIONAL CHARACTER?

In fairness to the national character of Russia we can without straining sympathy or inviting criticism admit the strength and breadth of her patriotic nationality preceding this attack upon her. One can recall the events which brought about the quickening pulse, the organic disturbance, the ultimate fever of rebellion which this disease of German origin created. The chief sustaining elementals of National character in Russia may have been the sacred paternalism of influence inspired by Russian traditions of the Czar, and the holy traditions of the Russian church, but there was and is something greater than these that sustained the cohesive forces of the Government over that vast amalgamation of people and territory. There surely must be in Russia a tremendous impulse of National character which is only in temporary disorder.

The Russian people, not merely those of Petrograd or Moscow, but the vast masses of Northern and Southern Russia, of Finland, and Lithuania, of Ukraine, of Siberia, have really had no voice in the recent extraordinary political demonstrations made in the name of their entire nationality. They have neither rallied from the Kerensky-Lenine-Trotzky epidemic that has seized them, or succumbed to it. There surely is latent in these millions of people a national will, but a sort of atrophy has abated their national impetus.

We must at least look at the present situation in Russia with a favorable reserve of opinion, confident of believing that Russia as a Nation is still our Ally. Nor is this irreconcilable to reason when we make a careful diagnosis of the Bolsheviki fever of the I. W. W. pestilence that has intruded itself.

Except for the fact that the functions of Government had

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been put out of commission in Russia, (perhaps by those mysterious methods of German origin of which we are becoming more informed every day,) the political distemper would not have weakened the national system to the verge of extreme sensibility to any revolutionary symptoms. In the absence of any Government, the recent performances of the German-Russian peace meeting at Brest-Litovsk became possible.

THE GERMAN-RUSSIAN TREATY A "BAD CHECK."

There is no doubt in the mind of any enlightened citizen of any established Nation, that a treaty of any standing in National affairs must be made between two Governments equally competent to sustain its conditions, by representatives equally vested by Government authority to sign a state document. The German-Russian peace paper recently signed by Lenine and Trotzky is therefore an instrument of no value to Russia, of no status with other nations, but, of a certain amusing advantage to Germany. I say amusing, because Germany, while appreciating the illegal character of such a treaty, has in mock solemnity applied it to her own original purpose of conquest in Russia. As far as the Allied Nations of the world are concerned, the German-Russian peace treaty bears the same relation to international law as a bad check bears to the banking law,—it is insufficient guarantee. There being no authoritative Government in Russia to ratify the treaty, no treaty exists. The document itself was drawn up by Germany, with a certain sardonic, serio-comic appearance of sincerity that must have been impressive. Lenine admitted that he had not even read it. His signature to the treaty must surely have been an act of German coercion, since it does not seem to have been an imperative expression of his knowledge of the contents. Whatever sensational impression the world may have gathered from the reign of anarchy that has fastened its lawless grip on certain flabby parts of Russia, we can be certain that the Russian Nation has not betrayed its trust as an Ally, has not changed its National character in that respect.

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Russia, the Northern giant of Europe, has not outgrown its strength of National character; that virile, tragic character of barbaric force inspired by Peter the Great. It has not disowned the inheritance of splendor and intelligence later impressed upon it by Catherine the Great. Neither has Russia forgotten the transition from serfdom to liberty which Alexander the Second accorded, only later in his reign to return to the temptations of autocracy, for which he was assassinated. It is when we consider the quality of National temperament in this giant Russia, the melancholy tendency, the tragic struggle of this vast Nation to emerge out of inherited inclinations to a clearer understanding of National character, that we can weave from the threads of her history a pattern that is dependably true.

RUSSIAN SIMPLICITY TRICKED

It is not the character of the Russian Nation that is weak, it is the simplicity of her character that has been tricked, temporarily embarrassed by the political schemes of others. First it was the Nihilists who stalked the political fields of the Nation, threatening a Government that was stronger than they with motives of strange idealism. The Nihilists were the first inarticulate rebellion of a Nation inclined to a Bourgeois Government. They were the middle classes, striking at the autocracy of Russia by assassination, creating unrest among the uneducated classes by giving them a dangerous smattering of education. Then came the Terrorists, bred into being by the Nihilists, a warning of the masses seeking a way to find for themselves a National identity. This was a broader, bolder outburst of suppressed ambition in National character. Finally the Kerensky boil, a more articulate effort of previous attempts at national determination began to afflict the National character of Russia.

The Kerensky idealism was sincere, but it was doomed to failure, because it was chiefly a protest of oratory. Kerensky did not have the nerve to fulfill his promises, his battles were mere strategy of words. Words, no matter how well

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you marshal them, or how great they are in numbers, cannot establish a working Government, and without an organized Government there is no National element that can be diplomatically recognized by other nations.

The events that have precipitated the present crisis in Russia began when the Government went to pieces. No other Nation in the world could, under the usages of international law, recognize Russia as a Nation, in the absence of an organized government capable of preserving order and performing its treaty obligations and its international duties. Adrift on the face of the earth, Russia became dazed, her strength and unwieldy force disorganized by a confusion of National purpose, unable to go forwards or backwards, she was compelled to stand stupidly, vacantly, looking into the guns of the German army.

It has been stated that the Bolshevikis, Trotzky, Lenine and other professional political leaders of their color, were actually paid agents of the German Government. The air is so freely poisoned with suspicion when one comes near the German line, that such a rumor is not wholly tangible. At any rate, it is not difficult to deny the patriotism of such men as Lenine and Trotzky, because they do not profess that they have any patriotism.

THE CHARACTER OF THE BOLSHEVIKI

The nature of the Bolsheviki movement in Russia is wholly comprehensible in any Nation where the laws of good Government are observed. It is the Nature of the I. W. W., of the self-seeking ravishers of order, of the sophistry, that makes loafers of men.

Trotzky, formerly an East Side product of the New York slum district, never believed in National character, nor in patriotism. Like all men of the unwashed, violent, expatriated quality, he preached the doctrine that Nations should exist without Government. He believed in the lawless conduct of Nations, under mob license, which is no license at all. The principles he tried to impose upon the Russian

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people were those that lead straight to a state of anarchy. In the name of Liberty, that much-maligned woman of demonstrated national chastity, he inspired the overthrow of National pride. One of his most enlightening orders, a command that revealed his incompetence, if not his conspiracy, was to abolish officers of the Russian army. Nothing could have rendered more aid and comfort to the enemy than such an emergency. This was done under the impression sent forth that Russia must be free. No one seemed to have reason enough, or power enough to point out the simple fact that an army without officers would mean a Nation without Government. Freedom without law is nothing but chaos and anarchy. Russia, betrayed by these men into a state of helpless inertia, reeling like a giant made drunk on false promises, quite naturally stumbled into a German-Russian peace. With Trotzky cajoling this giant on one side, Lenine on the other, and the melodious song of Kerensky freedom soothingly running through this stupefied consciousness of Russia, some of its people were induced to believe that Germany was a friend, and the spectacle of this great Nation leaning heavily on the Germans for support, has made the other Nations feel sorry for Russia. Yet, until there comes into existence a Government in Russia, that is, a real, practical, just, orderly and authoritative Government, no other Nation can express even the most formal regrets, nor can any Nation come to the rescue.

RUSSIA IN THE GROWING PAINS OF EVOLUTION

Alienated by territorial barriers, sprawling far over the Northern map of Europe, Russia was entirely defenseless against these insinuating approaches of Germany. The advices of Trotzky and Lenine were worse than fatal. The growing pains, the spasmodic convulsions of Governmental effort made by the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council, the present Duma, the various twists and writhings of this giant Nation to regain its National poise of character, were unfortunately without value to its international standard. They were no doubt the first awakening of the stiff, awkward

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joints which this great giant of the North had endured in a long sleep of a suppressed National animation. But, it was a dangerous awakening, because there were no trained physicians of political science to prescribe a cure for the symptoms of restlessness. There was no leader in Russia, only a roving crowd of cutthroats who were leading the Nation into mystery.

One is tempted to speculate how such men as Trotzky and Lenine acquired the extraordinary skill and knowledge to seize this great giant at his vulnerable point. How these ordinary men, with the most ordinary knowledge of life, were able to influence the dull imagination of a people childlike in their faith, gullible in their national senses. Complete success of their plans, the deliberate weakening of National pride and National honor in Russia through an appeal by extravagant promises of disastrous freedom, the certainty with which their operations finally destroyed all semblance of Government, so as to complete a state of ideal chaos, and the ultimate finale at a "peace" conference" in Brest-Litovsk seem to be the conception of a more brilliant, more experienced talent for political schemes of destruction than either of these men possessed.

THE GERMAN CONQUEST CANNOT ABSORB RUSSIA

The German-Russian peace treaty, as it is called, a document, as I have said, without any standing, was like a fake passport made out by Germans in this country in the early stages of the War. It was merely a pass to enter Russia without question. Of course, the Germans expected resistance to its face value, which was nothing. Of course, they never abated their plans as conquerors of Russia. The German-Russian peace treaty can be easily understood if you can imagine that France should give Germany a free pass to enter Paris. Germany, of course, would accept with solemn assurances of gratitude and regard for the favor till they were marching into the city; then they would stay until they were ejected by force.

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Russia, conquered by Germany, is by no means Russia absorbed by Germany under a justifiable treaty of peace. Let us imagine for a moment a complete German conquest of the Russian Nation, would it be possible in any final sense? I think not. The National character of Russia, once alive to the struggle for Nationality which they must achieve for themselves, will not be crushed under the iron heel of any conspirators, any betrayers of their National freedom. That struggle, the most glorious Russia has ever attempted, the most vigorous emergence of her Nationality, will doubtless have the assistance of the Allied Nations.

The avenging hour of Russia's betrayal by the enemy may not come till Germany is finally defeated by the Allies. The present difficulty of inoculating the feverish arteries of Russia with a tonic of fighting men and ammunition is insurmountable. If it had been possible, the friendly interest of the Allied Nations, as well as the diagnosis of Russia's ailment made by them would have suggested instant and ample relief. Russia was inaccessible, rebelious in her sickness of political anarchy, unapproachable for immediate help.

The present successes of German conquests in Russia are beyond the most ambitious dreams of Teutonic triumphs in the war. Russia is perhaps the richest territory in the world in raw materials, which have not been hitherto exploited through neglect of transportation facilities. The field for Germany's trade expansion in Russia is enormous. Perhaps the ominous silence of other Nations upon the importance of Germany's victory in Russia is a secret preparation to oppose her trade ambitions in that country. They are not talking, they are thinking.

THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE RUSSIAN NATIONAL CHARACTER

There is only one thing can save the National character of Russia from a prolonged struggle against oppression, and that is for the Allies to beat the German to his knees, to destroy the Teuton conspiracy of brain and arms against the world, by beating his brains out with a club. There seems to

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be in the German makeup a great deal of the bulldog in his tactics of war. The only way to make a bulldog let go when he gets a hold on anything is to beat him into insensibility.

Whether it is wise and prudent for Japan to intervene on the Pacific Coast of Siberia is a question which for its decision requires more knowledge of the situation at that distant point than is now accessible to the public. Such contemplated action requires a most delicate consideration on account of the psychological effect on the Russian people. If it be necessary to protect that region from German occupation then no matter how the people of Russia may regard it it would seem to be in the interest of the enemies of Germany that such intervention should be made.

A JAPANESE INVASION OF SIBERIA NOT INJURIOUS

I have no fear of any Japanese invasion of Siberia that will be injurious to the interests of the United States. By reason of its proximity Japan is the natural guardian of that region against German occupation. Japan stands with reference to that Pacific front in somewhat the same attitude that the United States stands with reference to this hemisphere, where, under the Monroe Doctrine, it opposes the acquisition of American territory by any European power. For their own National protection it would seem reasonable that Japan should object to the occupation and control of the Siberian Coast or Country by Germany. Whatever Japan does should be done after a clear explanation of her purpose similar to that which was made by the United States when it took possession of the Island of Cuba, declaring that when order was restored and a local government established it would leave the Island to its people.

It is, of course, impossible to predict the future consequences of German invasion in Russia. It looks as though, alienated as that great country is from the rest of the world, and disorganized as she is in military strength,with the inspiration that comes from national patriotism almost non-existent, one part of our obligation in winning the war will be to

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dislodge Germany from her territorial acquisitions in Russia. There is a very substantial evidence that the Russian people desire a Republican form of Government. There has been every reason to believe that the plans of world democracy are in the National character of Russia. The desire of the Russian people to oppose imperial power is therefore a very hopeful outlook for her final re-election as an active Ally with other Nations against autocratic Imperialism. The Ukraine Province will perhaps maintain its independence, as it is reasonable to suppose that other provinces in Russia will wish for the same self-determination.

In considering the struggle through which Russia is passing, a most regrettable thing is the absence of that high spirit and purpose which should characterize every national revolution. The American Revolution was for the purpose of achieving liberty from oppression through an independent government, having all the forms, safeguards and balances that characterize a Republic governed by law. The French Revolution passed through the horrors of the Reign of Terror, but a distinguished French Historian, with entire justice and truthfulness, sums up its accomplishment as follows:

"It did away with the arbitrary administration of public affairs; it endeavored to make reason the guide of intellect; to make liberty the guide of governments; progress the ambition of peoples, and law the sovereign of the whole world."

That the same aims and purposes do not distinguish the Russian revolution is due to the crazy doctrines preached by Anarchists and so-called International Socialists like Trotzky and Lenine in Russia and many of the same brood in better regulated and more advanced and civilized lands.

In considering the National struggle through which Russia is passing it is well that we remember with sympathy her National instinct for freedom. And, it is far more important, if we wish to restore Russia to her former strong position as an Ally, that we win the war.

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THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF WOMEN'S WAR-CLOTHES

By BARONESS FRANCISKA VON HEDDEMAN

[FORMERLY COURT DRESSMAKER TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND AND THE DOWAGER QUEEN ALEXANDRA]

THE beautiful, high-heeled American Amazon, who since the United States entered the war has been inviting the defenseless gaze of all men allied to defeat the enemy, is trying to extend her reputation (or lose it) for economy in clothes. It annoys her, because the clothes are really beautiful. But, incidentally, we who live in New York are also at war, just as much as the trim little model of fashion is in Paris or Vienna. I speak of New York, thinking in the same association of war clothes worn by women in Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Atlanta or San Francisco.

It is really one of the great questions of national value to decide just what American women should wear during the war. When a celebrated English actress was asked by a press writer in New York what the pervading shade of women's clothes were in London, she replied rather grimly that it was black, that, in fact, all colors had been abandoned except those to be seen in the British flag.

New York just now is the gayest place in this blood-stained world. It stuns those who have just crawled out of the war-pits of Europe. Even I, who left England two years ago, feel a certain resentment at the prosperous appearance, the pleasure-loving air, the flippant indifference in women's clothes to the severity in other aspects of life in war time.

The "priceless day" in clothes is every day in New York.

Perhaps the promise of spring in the first days of March went to our heads too soon this year, for the epidemic of shab-

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biness which always attacks the ladies at this time seemed to occur unseasonably early. Or, was it the eagerness of the trades people, anxious to reap the harvest of American-made fabrics forced upon us by the war, which made the shop windows display their festive rakishness of color and silks before winter had settled accounts with us?

One must always judge a woman by her looks. It is unfair, but the tradition sticks, that women adorn themselves so that they may inspire others. In Europe, war, with its hideous leer, has entirely defeated this innocent tradition in women's clothes—it has forced them into new styles of self defense. In America the monster cannot reach the women, so they have not felt its menace to their beauty. The fashionables in New York, as in other large American cities, disregard the warnings which have been so industriously spread by the authorities from Washington.

THE NEW THRILL OF EXCITEMENT

The war cry has not penetrated to the exquisitely embroidered lingerie—at a hundred dollars a garment—that the American woman wears, or to her conscience. They must be sense-proof—these softly soothing garments, in spite of their costliness. They seem to be a strange variant of the new thrill that has seized the American woman this year—a consciousness that she is the most extravagantly dressed woman in the world.

Paris has grown old, indifferent to her former standards of fashion, a victim to the economic plague that has come upon her. The great French city of world coquetry has transferred the spirit of her gaiety to New York, and it is spreading over the whole of the United States.

It is an extravagant, reckless, luxurious gaiety of high colors, rich silks, close-fitting skirts and filmy laces. From my own point of view clothes cannot be too expensive. The conscience of a court dressmaker has no sordid accounts to keep with fashion. One or two Queens I have gowned in Europe during my business career in conducting the House of

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Frederic, in London, dressed very economically, but their economy was but an eccentricity of royalty. Before the war court gowns were an extravagance, but since the war even these regal figures of fashion have felt the pinch of disaster and royalty wears today the simplest gowns of modest cost.

It is the American woman whose extravagance has remained undisturbed by the war. She alone reigns in the old indisputable splendor of clothes that cost fabulous sums. She is still wearing the imported styles, though there are no imported gowns to speak of. She is able to do this because these " importations " are made in America, where they cost more than they did when they were made abroad. It is the milliners and the dressmakers who are imported, not the gowns. It is they who are receiving more for their work in this country than they did in Paris. Of course, the American woman has gained much in the good taste and refinement which these foreign dressmakers have brought with them to America. They have really had a sober influence on womens' clothes. The pretentious, loud and somewhat coarse jumble of many colors has given way to more subdued and modest shades, but there is still a strange oblivion of purpose and style in the war clothes made for American women. An incongruous callousness, a kind of barbaric neutrality of temperament prevails in the modern clothes one sees along Fifth avenue, at the opera, in the ballroom. There appears to be a perpetual restlessness of dress, a still hunt among the Amazons of abbreviated skirts and colored boots for something startling, new and varying.

I have been shocked by the unrestrained luxury of women's clothes since the United States entered the war. At a fashionable dance the other evening the extravagance in gowns was commonplace; there was a costly splendor in the clothes, a fabulous gaiety of the beautiful. I wondered if the great whirlpool of death over there really existed, wondered if the fathers, husbands, sons and those beautifully gowned women were really giving their lives for world democracy! Or, was this scene of exotic charm merely a phantom picture of something I still remembered from those days of court

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splendor in England and France before the war. Were the American women really alive in their extravagance or were they delicate puppets being moved by invisible wires for my astonished amusement.

PARIS WILL NEVER REIGN SUPREME AGAIN

It was all too real.

Paris will never reign supreme again, at least, for a long while, as the arbiter of fashion. New York has taken its place. The war clothes of the American women are responsible for a new impulse in extravagance. To my mind, it is an eccentric extravagance, for the styles they have chosen through supreme splendor of originality are a trifle too primitive in design. Of course, you have no matrons in America. Women do not grow up; they have remained extremely young since the war. It seems to have shortened their skirts, lengthened their boots, lifted their heels and given them doll faces. While it is a perplexing evolution it is, of course, a new enchantment.

And yet, why all this extravagance and beauty in the lovely war time clothes the American woman is wearing, since the great moving element of war, the men, are not here to enjoy this vision of loveliness? They are away fighting for the Stars and Stripes. It is, after all, only the slackers and the exempt who reap this harvest of loveliness. It is a pity, because the American woman has never looked more superb. And she has never been more reckless in adornment and lingerie than she is today, for whatever else she does for the war she spares no dollar on herself. Her war clothes cost more than they ever did. The demure tailor-made suits, the exquisite afternoon gowns, the dancing frocks, the ballroom splendor of dress, there they are, their prices going higher and higher as the death lists of the great war grow bigger and more ghastly. One is mystified to understand how so much money can be spent on the vanities of life when the horrors of war are reaching toward us nearer day by day.

Is it possible that these women in America, whose clothes

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are such a flagrant contrast to the sombre mood of millions of other women in Paris, in London, in Vienna, in all the once celebrated centres of fashion in Europe, can be entirely ignorant of the great war?

It is only fair to remember that dress has its compensations for at least one class of women; they are the dressmakers. As long as New York insists on gaiety so long will the women keep the dressmakers busy making them more beautiful, at higher prices. So far we have had no Commissioner of Dress to restrict the extravagance in war clothes but such an official is sadly needed. An academic criticism of women's clothes might not be stimulating to the dressmakers, but it would be revealing. We might find in the Commissioner's analysis for dress conservation some acid test by which we could distinguish the difference between a well dressed and a war dressed woman.

THE WAR-DRESSED WOMAN

In New York the war dressed woman would be conspicuous, though in the other large cities I am told they are many. There is, however, a recognized war dressed woman, a sort of military upper garment, with a compromise in trousers, half skirt, half bloomer. The hat, which Dickens declared was the standard sign of a gentleman, is worn by the war dressed woman like a man. They are really quite nice women, too, a little stern of face, a little mannish of stride, but they are ready to do their part in the war. My own impressions of women who fight have never calculated upon this type of woman. She is still a romantic sort of figure to me, a woman embarking on a new form of adventure.

It is, of course, excusable that she takes so much trouble and goes to a great deal of expense to make her war dress fit properly, to see that it is made of fine cloth, exquisitely finished, by a tailor. Women are nothing if not efficient and alive to their own good looks. It seems to me, though, as if the American woman has applied her war note in dress to the appearances of war rather than to the necessities of war.

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In general, she has ignored the idea entirely. I have observed that the society women who have become so busy in war measures do not dress in war regalia. If anything, these women of American fashion have subdued their toilettes, but they have not restrained their cost. Why should they? With over a hundred thousand millionaires in the country it is difficult to separate expense from style.

The " mondaine " in America is still in the great majority, and it is with these well dressed women that we should take issue. In America she is less distinctive than she is in Europe, where women establish themselves in the world by the character of their clothes. The " mondaine " who might be literally described as a woman of the world, selects her clothes adapted to the part she plays in life. She castes herself in the comedy drama of her emotions and dresses accordingly. In America the "mondaine" is less circumspect. She keeps one eye on the shop window, scans the fashion magazine, studies the stage clothes and—imitates. She calculates values by the prices not by the character of her clothes. The result is that the foreign dressmakers who flocked to this country to escape the war are not impressing economy on her. Perhaps they couldn't if they wished to.

There is no shortage of materials in America. No lack of money to buy out the goods that are made up, no restriction of style. The modesties of fashion which have been fastened on the war-stricken women of Europe, have not interested the American women. I confess that although it is a problem which as a dressmaker I might not wish to have solved, it is an increasing perplexity, that as a woman, I sincerely deplore.

THE CHANGE MUST COME

War clothes at war prices for women in this country must become a necessity. Even the " mondaines " must be prepared for a change. It must come because with over a million men in the great American army sacrificing their private interests, stagnating their business success for the great

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cause, the women will soon feel the pinch of economy. Their men will be unable to supply the funds for expensive clothes, and then what will happen?

Of course, there will still be a large number of women with independent fortunes who will not feel the need of reducing their expenditure on clothes, but they will be in the minority. They will find their extravagance an insult to the prevailing sentiment of economy and public opinion will dispose of them none too gently.

First, like other absorbing topics of women's lives, dress must sink into oblivion when the great issues of war confront us here in America. It may seem a rather gloomy suggestion, but the women in Europe have had to face this situation.

New York is very much in evidence before the world as a new fashion centre. In spite of war the American woman is destined to be the leading queen of beauty and dress. It is an interesting forecast to those of us who have watched the evolution of women's clothes, since the first days of Worth to the last days of Paquin, because when the American woman has actually taken the lead in dress she will doubtless impress new modes on the rest of the world. We shall find in America a centre for a very democratic fashion in women's clothes. It will be governed by the novelty and skill of American fabrics. Already one sees that they have been beautifully conceived, their color schemes are very original, not too futuristic, more adaptable to the ethereal and classic designs which were so eagerly sought by the dressmakers abroad. There is a prophetic character in the workmanship of these homemade fabrics that is already in touch with great events, in which the United States intends to win a victorious world democracy.

I predict that there will come an epoch in women's war clothes in America when the military and masculine influence in them today will revert to a more feminine daintiness and style. This revolution in dress will be brought about as much by the political appeal of the world's affairs as by its military triumph. It will not be quite so grotesque as some women seem to predict in their present exaggeration of ideas

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in clothes, but it will probably blend into a very becoming and far more entertaining style.

Fashion is fickle. She is perpetually finding new follies to hang on the point of her caprice, and nothing is easier than to lead these New York women. The war cry may start a new episode in dress for any season. The bugle call is very inspiring.

On the other hand, the much hoped for peace would herald quite another mood. Women would indulge their inclination far more freely in that case. Of course, they would find something new. I have a notion that the American woman would choose blue as her favorite color, the color of democracy. All other shades would be banished. Then there would follow a rage for the tri-color dress, the stars and stripes transformed into a ravishing toilette, so beautiful, so elegant, that no cost would be too elaborate. American extravagance will always prevail, because it is the nature of the American woman.

But we must not forget that there are other obligations forcing themselves upon us, other things to do with our lives than to clothe them extravagantly. We must first realize that war demands war clothes. Strive for the beautiful in clothes by all means, but don't squander your substance. In Europe nobler, higher sentiments than clothes have silenced the voices of vanity. Look first into the stagnant pool of war, you will find yourself reflected in it, looking far differently than you expected. You will find in its obscured, blurred reflection of horror something that will make you forget the extravagance of clothes. Then you will not return to thoughts of expensive gowns and lingerie, to dances, theatres, supper parties, because the sights and sounds of war makes such things bitter and unwholesome.

I say to the American women, cultivate war clothes of economy. Conservation of clothes will help win the war.

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EDWARD N. HURLEY—SHIPBUILDER TO UNCLE SAM

By EDWIN WILDMAN

THERE was a time when Edward N. Hurley, in greasy overalls and jumper at the throttle of his engine, straining to take his express train through on schedule, considered himself an extremely busy man.

Now he looks back on his days of running an express train as almost a period of leisure, when those duties and responsibilities are stacked up for comparison alongside his present job of being Shipbuilder to Uncle Sam.

To be Chairman of the United States Shipping Board, President of the Emergency Fleet Corporation and Commander-in-Chief of the American Merchant Marine is considerable of a task. To have full charge of about one hundred and fifty shipyards, seventy-nine of which were built since we got into the war, while more are building; to be responsible for the output of an army of 250,000 workmen which is increasing to 400,000, to endeavor to soon drop, completed, into the ocean more than three great ships a day, is, roughly, Mr. Hurley's present task.

Many men in Washington have big and important tasks to perform, a few have giant jobs to handle. Mr. Hurley's is one of the " Giant Jobs."

To say that we must have ships to win the war is like saying that we must eat to live. It really goes without saying. One of the first matters to which President Wilson turned his attention when we entered this world war was ships. Secretary of War Baker voiced the President's mind when he said, " Ships is the crux of our problem." The messages, as urgent as any ever uttered, from Lloyd George, Vis-

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count Northcliffe, Clemenceau, Joffre and Pershing, were all of one tenor—" America must build ships, and ships, and *more* ships! *Hurry!*"

That is the cry that is ringing continually in the ears of Master Shipbuilder Hurley, and he is on the job as few men ever were. Every cabled report of a ship sunk by a U-boat merely acts as a spur to his activities these days, merely sets his jaws at a harder angle, causes him to square his shoulders and dig in to speed up.

" Speed " has become his slogan, his watchword, but his years of experience in both shipping and railroading, his knowledge of working men and of handling them, enables him to inspire the sort of careful speed that does not actually lose time.

Not long ago our ship building programme was made public. It filled more than a column of figures and was about as easy for a layman to understand as an income tax blank. Yet an understanding of what sort of a job our shipbuilding programme calls for is necessary in order to appreciate what responsibilities this man, who started earning his daily bread by stoking a locomotive, now has on his hands.

WHAT MUST BE DONE

Some of the more important figures serve to roughly sum up the situation, to show what has been done and what *must* be done.

Germany sunk, year ending January 31	6,500,000 tons
We propose to build in 1918	6,000,000 tons
Number of vessels to be built	1,200
Average capacity	5,000 tons
Speed necessary	About 3½ ships a day
Most American tonnage ever produced in one year	615,000
Contracts let call for	10,000,000 tons

To move an army of a million and a half or two million across the three thousand miles of turbulent Atlantic is a mammoth task—to move supplies for such an army increases this task ten-fold. But we must do more, and still more.

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Our Allies must be cared for, must have a hundred million bushels of wheat, must have other food, and clothing and munitions of all sorts.

With only the elements to combat it would be a great task. To combat also the U-boat makes it extremely hazardous. Our Allies cannot supply the growing demand for ships. They have neither the material nor the labor—their labor is all needed elsewhere. The result is that America must throw into the balance all of this absolutely essential new tonnage. We must not only keep pace with the U-boat destruction, but continually keep ahead of it and put out more and more ships—far more than the Huns can destroy.

"We'll do it," says Hurley.

There is every indication that "we" will.

Just how badly we need ships will probably never be fully explained. There is no doubt but we shall have them, and in plenty. Our present lack of them causes serious trouble. Our "statesmen" who shuddered at the mere mention of an American Merchant Marine a few years ago are now joining in the great International chorus directed to Uncle Sam to "Hurry and build ships." It is said that Italy's drawback was largely due to our lack of ships to get coal to her—coal for her ships, coal for her munition plants. We are short of sugar because we did not have the ships to bring over the thousands of tons of it that lay rotting on the docks of Java. We are having "wheatless" days and eating "Victory bread," and every baker is using at least one-third of some wheat substitute in each loaf, because we lacked ships while millions of bushels of good wheat are yet in distant Australia.

WHY HURLEY WAS SELECTED

Now we have contracted for nearly twenty times as many ships as were ever built in America in a single year. Mr. Hurley's program calls for the Stars and Stripes to be flying over twelve hundred new American vessels by next Christmas!

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When Mr. Hurley was made Chairman of the Shipping Board a great many people asked, "Why Hurley?"

Others who had heard of him as a railroad man, wondered why a railroad instead of a shipping man was appointed.

But Mr. Hurley was considerable of a shipping man. The immense ships that are built today couldn't be constructed, it is claimed, if Mr. Hurley had not developed the pneumatic riveter. Rivets used in the big vessels today are so large that it is impossible to drive them by hand. It was one of his associates who invented the pneumatic riveter and he asked Mr. Hurley to look it over and tell him if he thought it practical. At that time Hurley was pretty well versed in both machinery and business. Mr. Hurley was not a rich man, but he took up that pneumatic rivet proposition at once. With practically no capital and but five workmen he and his associate started business.

It was Mr. Hurley who stood in a big shipyard on the Clyde and, to the amusement of the onlookers and derision of the machinists, used the queer looking apparatus for driving a rivet. He was the first man to drive a rivet by means of compressed air. The way the mammoth rivet went into the side of the big English ship and was headed down, in about the same time the workmen could have given it the first blow by hand, made everyone gasp. Six years from that time Hurley had developed a world-business in pneumatic hammers. Their "rat-a-tat-tat" is now heard all over the world wherever modern construction is going on. He sold this business for a million dollars.

But it was while building up this business that Mr. Hurley learned about ships and shipbuilding, and he learned it thoroughly because he had to in order to develop his pneumatic riveter.

In 1912 Mr. Hurley became interested in politics as a Democrat of the progressive type and became a hearty Wilson booster. It was early in the first Wilson administration that Mr. Hurley made extensive trade investigations in South America. After that he organized the Federal Trade

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Commission, served one year as Vice-Chairman and another year as Chairman. It was in the Spring of 1917 that he retired from office and went back to his Chicago home and his stock farm at Wheaton, only to be recalled, at the beginning of the war, by President Wilson, for service on the War Council of the Red Cross. He served there for three months.

Meanwhile the Denman-Goethals Shipping-Board row started and, to precipitate it, President Wilson asked Mr. Hurley to take charge of the shipbuilding program. He did, without question as to title or anything else, so long as he could help the country and rush the program along, out of seeming chaos into efficient order. In November, 1917, he was made supreme in this all-important work, with the right to employ and discharge subordinates, make contracts and virtually do everything and anything that the Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet Corporation were legally authorized to do.

HOW HURLEY TOOK CHARGE

Last July it was when Mr. Hurley stepped into this work. Despite the Denman-Goethals row, considerable had been accomplished, they had not been idle during the four months of their sharp differences in regard to wooden and steel ships. Much information was collected and the nucleus of a working organization was formed. Some small shipyards were constructed and others were under way while contracts for about a million tons of shipping had been let, or one tenth of the contracts let in four months that Mr. Hurley placed in the following six.

Originally the Shipping Board was organized as a utility of peace with only $50,000,000 of available funds. At that time the private shipyards in the country were clogged with orders for private construction work. While our American Marine was practically nil other countries came here to have their ships built. At first the Shipping Board had no authority to commandeer or requisition. This authority was granted in June and much of the criticism of the board, it will be remembered, that came up during the investigation,

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was due to the fact that this authority, granted in June, was not exercised until August 3.

This was six days after Mr. Hurley took charge!

"I shall take over for the government," said Mr. Hurley, upon taking charge, "every shipyard in the country that turns out seagoing vessels, and every uncompleted ship therein of 2,500 tons or more."

In the six days he had done this and his next step was to requisition virtually all of the ocean shipping under American registry!

Since then, and only since then, has the track been clear for unhampered construction of ships and increasing speed in completing them.

All of this commandeering and requisitioning has a sound as of acquiring immense tonnage. But it was not a drop in the bucket of what is necessary, not even with the acquisition of the interned German and Austrian vessels. Our need was—and is now, for at least ten million tons.

Seventy-five new and big shipyards have now been completed. More are under construction. Our shipyards are now scattered along the great lakes, along the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf coasts and so far as possible standardized ships are being turned out. Most of the steel ships are of uniform design. This is true of the wooden, composite and fabricated steel ships.

Standardization was Mr. Hurley's idea of getting results, and getting them "pretty pronto," as a Washington official said. It was this same Washington official who gave Hurley a name that will stick to him. It is:

"Hurry-up Hurley."

THE PEAK OF PRODUCTION APPROACHING

Already we have seen the benefits of the Hurley plan of standardization. "If they can standardize a gun, a motor, an aeroplane, a row of houses, why not standardize ships?" was Hurley's query. Many came back with that ancient wheeze—"It's never been done," but Hurley went about it

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and proved that it could be done. His system proved of incalculable value to both speed and workmanship. For one shipyard alone Mr. Hurley commandeered the total output of forty-three factories and for all of our shipyards now in operation more than six hundred big factories are devoting all of their output, all of their time and material, to getting those twelve hundred big ships afloat before Christmas. When the "peak of production," as they say in Washington, has been reached, nearly four ships a day will slip into the sea, ready to "carry on."

Instead of crowding hundreds of thousands of operatives into one congested center, Hurley's standardizing has spread our shipbuilding inland to factories in a score of big cities throughout the country.

Contracts were let for carriers of 3,500 tons to one concern, 5,000 ton carriers to another, 8,000 ton carriers to a third, and so on. Model ships were designed, built and taken apart and these various parts were sent, as working models, to the various factories. For the first time in history American shipbuilding is going on in the interior. Workmen who never saw salt water are helping to build ships—parts of vessels are being turned out a thousand miles from the ocean. Mr. Hurley picked his buyers and sent them out to secure multiple parts.

The result is amazing—it gives confidence wherever it is known. Today, as a result of Mr. Hurley's work as Shipbuilder to Uncle Sam, only eighteen per cent of the ships are being built in shipyards. The remaining eighty-two per cent is being done in fabricating shops in St. Louis, Milwaukee, Akron, Dayton, St. Paul and scores of other cities.

In a few months Chairman Hurley absolutely and successfully standardized the building of an American Merchant Marine, and is now building the biggest merchant fleet in the world—a fleet he hopes will for all time remain the biggest in the world.

Already more than a hundred ships have been launched. Soon they will be slipping off the ways into the sea at the rate of two a day, then three a day, then four a day. This

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speed must be attained in order to complete even the minimum programme of 6,000,000 tons in 1918. Vessels are now being built from the laying of the keel to the launching in sixty days. Even this record-breaking speed in construction will be lowered.

In February about 275,000 men, it was estimated, were engaged directly in building ships for our Government. This does not include the thousands of men working indirectly on this task. Soon we shall have 400,000 men at this work and then will the ships slide into the sea faster than the Huns can locate them. All this time, the reports show, our anti-submarine fleets are destroying more and more of the U-boats. In two big yards there are about 25,000 men each. In three months workmen made over 125 acres of salt marsh at Newark into a shipyard with twenty-eight ways. This means the building of twenty-eight vessels at a time. All this boggy land was filled in, twenty-six miles of railroad tracks were put down, thirty thousand forty-foot piles driven and now, at the end of six months, ship launchings are going steadily on from that yard.

NOT A BED OF ROSES

It hasn't all been a bed of roses for Mr. Hurley. It is true that he holds the reputation of always putting through whatever he has undertaken, but he hasn't done it by swivel-chair management—he has had to get out on the job and get after every detail. That is what he is doing today. But his troubles have been many-fold, nevertheless. He has lacked supplies and had to speed up the work on them. Transportation bothered but Railroad Director McAdoo has done wonders to help in this. A scarcity of labor has been a drawback, and labor troubles have proved the greatest of them all.

There have been many shipyard strikes, some for apparently just causes, others for apparently unjust reasons. There was a tie-up in a Pacific coast shipyard because a riveter boy sneaked away for an afternoon sleep and kept three riveters waiting. Because he was fired by the boss all the boys struck. There was another shipyard strike in the

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East, it is reported, because some of the metal work came from an "open shop" in an inland city. Every effort has been made to prevent further strikes. At last accounts there was evidence that the men would loyally stick to their jobs, knowing that the Adjustment Board would give them a square deal. All this did not tend to make Mr. Hurley any happier, but it did not dishearten him—rather it spurred him on to harder work and to devising new plans for speeding up—true to his title, "Hurry-up Hurley."

Not long ago this question was put directly to Mr. Hurley:

"If labor will rally fully, there will be no doubt about the complete success of our immense ship programme?"

"Cut out the 'if' and the rest goes," replied Hurley.

NO "IF" IN THE HURLEY PROGRAMME

"There is no 'if.' This ship-building programme IS going through," he declared. "We have the material, we now have the men, we have a cause that is right and we are going to do the job. I don't say that I am going to do it. This is not a one-man job, not an individual proposition, it is a national one. It is going through because the American people have determined that it shall go through. Whoever gets in the way will be crushed in the rush—and will get no sympathy from anyone. That's all there is to it."

"What is the prime obstable in the way of the programme, right now, Mr. Hurley?"

"There is no prime obstacle today," he declared, "there is no obstacle so great that it cannot be overcome, that is not being promptly overcome. Already we have solved the biggest problems. Take, for example, our first difficulties as to materials. They were immense, surprising, almost discouraging. You would think that a big and old lumber concern would know just what it could do, wouldn't you? Yet one such big concern pledged a supply of a certain kind of lumber and at the last moment, when I asked for that lumber, the concern heads admitted they couldn't do it. But that

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was not an insurmountable obstacle. I got that lumber on the other side of the continent and had it hauled overland in quick time and we went on with our work."

"What ships are you specializing in, just now?" was another question that brought light on the subject.

WHAT MR. HURLEY SAYS

"We are building ships—ships big enough to cross the Atlantic. That's what we are specializing in," Chairman Hurley came back. "We are building any and all kinds of ships that can be produced most efficiently in the shortest time. If someone should come to me and show that a vessel could be built out of mud without hampering other work, I would let a contract at once for mud ships. There are too many known ways for building ships for us to dally with experiments, except such as can be made without hindrance to the general work. Just now a 4,500 ton vessel is being constructed of concrete on the Pacific coast. We did not commandeer it because we thought it best to allow the private owners to complete the experiment. But we are watching it carefully and if it is a success we will build concrete ships.

"The Government is now operating approximately 4,000,000 tons of shipping, for the most part requisitioned vessels that were already afloat. Others are commandeered vessels, that we completed on the ways and there are some that we have built outright. Then there are the enemy-owned ships that the Government took, being operated for the most part by the Navy.

"The requisitioned vessels are being operated for the Government by their owners. The effect of Government control is to co-ordinate operations and modify rates. A single freight list sometimes amounts to more than the cost of the ship. Cargo rates have doubled from twenty to thirty times. They have been reduced wherever the saving would benefit the public; otherwise the profits, if beyond reasonable compensation to the owners, are taken by the Government. We are able to force the modification of rates charged by neu-

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tral vessels, though the Shipping Board has no direct authority over rates. The power lies in our chartering privileges.

"What we need today is the full co-operation of the public. Of all of the different undertakings of the war this is the one wherein indifference can be most hurtful right now. A shipbuilding slacker is more to be condemned than a military slacker. Employers who have men who can help must let us have them when needed, even though this entails some sacrifice. People in the vicinity of the shipyards must co-operate to the fullest extent and every possible thing must be done to insure the comfort of the workers. They are well paid, bonuses will be allowed and any good mechanic who joins with us will be able to lay aside a stake to insure himself and family against the uncertainty of peace times.

"I want the public to continually bear this in mind:

"It isn't a matter of Hurley making good, or of the Shipping Board making good, but of the American people making good—and they will!"

HIS HUMBLE BEGINNING AND PERSONALITY

Edward Nash Hurley is not yet fifty-four. He was born in Galesburg, Ill., of South of Ireland parentage. His opportunity for schooling was not great and included only the public schools, yet he is decidedly well educated, an author, a forceful speaker and a keen, far-seeing business man.

There were no silver spoons in his family. He was glad to get a job, as a lad, in a machine shop and, being a husky lad, he was glad of an opportunity to get out of the shop again, although it meant stoking a locomotive.

He was in his teens when he got a job as a locomotive fireman and was soon promoted to fireman of a passenger train. One day the engineer did not show up. The boss was scouting around to find an extra to take the train out. Young Hurley heard him making inquiries for this and that engineer. He leaned out of the left side of the cab and shouted:

"I'll take her out!"

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The boss hesitated, but it was a passenger train and the trip had to be made, so they let him try it.

And for the first time within the memory of the oldest passenger that train made its schedule!

Engineers had all said the schedule was wrong and could not be made. But Young Hurley did it and it set him over on the right side of the cab and made him an engineer.

He is, of course, a Brotherhood man. He still keeps up his membership in the Brotherhood and carries his card. He has stepped into many a labor argument at the shipyards of late, only to be firmly but politely told:

"Sorry, Mr. Hurley, but only Union members can get into this argument," whereupon he has produced his Union card and said his say with good effect.

A "BROTHERHOOD" MAN

Labor men know his record, or can find it easily enough. When he was an engineer there was a strike. Another road sent for him, he went over and was oiling his engine ready to take her out on his first run when another engineer said:

"Hurley, you can't do that, it's against the Brotherhood rules."

"I'm no quitter," said Hurley, and he took off his overalls and jumper and left. While others were sitting idle during the strike he got a job as secretary to P. M. Arthur, called the "Gladstone of the American labor movement." But strikes and labor unrest did not please him so he got a travelling job selling metallic packing for a Philadelphia concern and soon he was making $300 a month, and was advanced rapidly the eight years he was on the road.

It was then that he took up the pneumatic riveter and made it a world-famous success, a device that has done much for ship and other steel construction.

To exploit this he had to become a practical shipbuilder; he was already an experienced machinist and engineer, he became successful in business, president of the First National Bank of Wheaton and in scores of other ways well fitted for his present job as shipbuilder to Uncle Sam.

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FULL AUTHORITY IN HIS HANDS

He installed Charles Piez as General Manager of Construction and Edward F. Carry as General Manager of Operations. His entire staff is composed of men who do things and do them well and in a hurry. There has necessarily been some confusion, but the day of confusion in his mammoth shipbuilding job has passed. Vessels are costing about three times as much to build these days as they cost prior to 1914, yet today they are being built at one hundred per cent less cost than private owners were paying for the same sort of construction at private shipyards a year ago—thanks to Mr. Hurley's standardization. Steel vessels now contracted for at from $160 to $166 a ton used to cost from $325 to $275 a ton—and the latter prices hold good now outside of our Government-controlled shipyards.

Mr. Hurley said, "I am not 'IT' in this work," yet, in sketching out this work, it appears that Mr. Hurley, as master shipbuilder, certainly is IT. He has full charge, full responsibility; he hires and fires—he plans, lets contracts—and what else is there to do?

Full authority for our shipping plan was placed in the hands of the President. The President turned it over to Mr. Hurley by calling him to the Board and by his appointment as president of the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

When we entered the war we did not even have a merchant marine on blue-print. When Mr. Hurley was called in at the end of the Denman-Goethals wood-or-steel ship row our merchant marine was just starting—on blue-print paper.

Today we have about 150 yards. They called it a "paper fleet" over in Germany. Some of our Allies even hinted at it as a "paper fleet"—and it was. But today real ships are sliding off the ways into the water. At the end of this year we shall have built at least 6,000,000 tons of vessels—perhaps more. There is no "paper" about that.

"Hurry-up Hurley" is doing it.

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OUR ANSWER TO THE HUN

Compared with the Modern Hun the Ancient Goth and Vandal were Bungling Altruists

By FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD, LL.D.

[AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, 1913-1917]

I HAVE seen with my own eyes proofs of German atrocities and brutality in the regions of Northern France, now won back to civilization by the valor of French troops. In a recent article I visualized in a straightforward manner, evidences of Teutonic inhumanity in the Aisne and Champagne departments, in which exaggeration was in no measure employed. It was the plain and fearless statement of what I had actually witnessed and been told of German savagery, on my tour of observation, and the contribution to the press found readers throughout America.

Agnes Repplier—than whom few more polished writers grace the profession of letters—has gone to the trouble of unshelving the history of Goth, Hun and Vandal of old, to discover facts that might form analogy to what the followers of the modern Attila have done in Belgium and Northern France. This erudite investigator was good enough to accept the statement of what I had seen, and concluded that these atrocities of the Twentieth Century were fair counterparts of those recorded by St. Jerome in describing the refined brutality of Goth and Hun in the Fourth Century.

Lack of opportunity has prevented a thorough exploration on my part of the acts of these early fiends, but I have read sufficient to convince me that—compared with the Hohenzollern-inspired brutes who murdered priests and raped nuns in Belgium, violated practically every young woman in the Aisne and Champagne, wantonly razed undefended towns and hamlets in these French departments, murdered old people and children and mutilated youths, and prevented great areas of these districts from later competing with German

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orchards and forests by the systematic assassination of trees —the Huns and Vandals and Goths of history were but bungling altruists, nothing worse.

In their deeds of hellishness the German soldiers were as advanced over their ancient brethren as the electric light is superior to the taper floating in a vessel of pottery, or the gang-plow is more efficient as an implement of agriculture to the pointed stick scratching the soil.

I have seen no children whose hands have been cut off, nor soldiers with tongues cut out by the new Huns, but I know truthful persons who have viewed these proofs of German fiendishness—these and worse acts of inhumanity are readily susceptible of indisputable evidence. The report to the British Government of the Bryce committee describes thousands of such cases.

Acquaintances of mine in the American diplomatic service who took charge of the German Legation at Bucharest when Rumania entered the war, at the request of the Berlin Government, found buried in the Legation grounds fifty-one boxes of typhus and glanders germs, obviously sent to the Balkan capital with sinister intent. It is but reasonable to assume that these cultures were intended to spread death among Rumania's people and herds, but arrived too late to safely serve their purpose.

The finding of these diabolical poisons is not newspaper rumor, but a fact so accessible that any person properly vouched for may see the report at Washington of Mr. Andrews, who was American Charge d'Affaires when Rumania declared war upon the Central Powers, in the absence of Minister Vopicka.

THE SAVAGERY OF THE HUN

These are savage indictments, all of them awful, and not one to be excused on the ground of military necessity or expediency. Given trial at the bar of civilization, their perpetrators are assuredly being judged as outside the pale of humanity, and hereafter can have no standing in lands where the principles of Christianity, the laws of warfare, and international agreement have a meaning.

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The shelling of unfortified towns, the wholesale disregard of immunity of hospital ships and Red Cross trains, and the looting of French and Belgian abodes for the enrichment of German homes, even the deporting of non-combatant populations of conquered areas, are minor offenses compared with some of the indescribable savagery I have referred to. The sinking of the "Lusitania," the practical destruction of the wonderful cathedral of Rheims, and the wilful ruination of scores of Roman Catholic churches, the violation of graves of honored dead in the hope of finding jewels and other ornaments, are but items in the programme of German warfare characterizing the early years of the conflict.

Well, what are we to do? Are we to believe that the military caste of Prussianized Germany hold any benevolent views at this time of the American people? If we do we are surely living in a fool's paradise, for the overlords of Potsdam and Berlin hate us with an intensity surpassed by their opinion of French or British. Here are two reasons simply stated that explain this animosity. Every German militarist and statesman holds the Washington Government responsible for preventing the Kaiser winning the war two years ago by our supplying the Entente Powers with ammunition and staple products; and later, when Germany professed to believe that she had Great Britain, France and Italy at her mercy, we entered the arena, and all Germany knows that America's unexampled power in men, money and natural products make a combination that is unbeatable. And weakened Germany can never win on field or sea, for the great God in Heaven would certainly never permit a people so brutalized to crush human rights and place half the earth in bondage.

To my thinking, no language contains a word adequately expressing Germany's present hatred of the people of the United States.

Remember the sinking of the "Tuscania," and picture what a German fleet might do to New York or Boston if it were permitted to cross the Atlantic. Probably the tribute money would stagger the intellect, and the excesses of Germans landed on our soil—no, I must not go into that.

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What is Uncle Sam to do with this foe, controlled by the Berlin military party whose agents committed hundreds of outrages in our land before diplomatic relations were severed, and engineered campaigns of enmity against us in Mexico, in Spain, in South America and in Scandinavia, and whose plotters at this very hour are continuing their nefarious work?

FIGHT WITH EVERY WEAPON IN OUR POWER

Fight! Fight relentlessly with every weapon and power at our command, and keep fighting until Berlin's determination to subjugate the world is broken and the rights of all peoples are recognized!

With Germany's resources reduced almost to the vanishing point in every requirement, save, possibly, that of man-power, Uncle Sam's most potential weapon—next to her outraged sense of justice—is her monetary wealth. This is stupendous, the greatest ever assembled in the world's history—and next to man-power money plays the dominating role in international warfare, everybody knows.

And it is no boast that this marvelous solvency makes the United States the best security of all the Governments in the universe. The rate of interest is extremely liberal, and investors will have the added knowledge that they are deputing their cash to help defeat the unspeakable Hun and aid in keeping the world possible for persons valuing liberty and human rights.

Identically with native born Americans the Third Liberty Loan provides a medium of investment for the adopted sons and daughters of the nation. And is it not concrete fact that practically all of the latter came to our shores to escape the very absolutism and denial of human privileges now rampantly dominating sword-ruled Germany? Any person of Teutonic blood not coming to us to escape military enthralment and the autocratic rule going with it must have come with an ulterior or mercenary purpose too selfish to voice.

The new loan offers a medium for showing whether the adopted son is worthy of the protestations he had to swear to

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to secure American citizenship. Our brethren of Scandinavian, Italian, Hungarian, Slav or Greek blood can prove their good citizenship in no better manner than by subscribing within their means to the loan. No one save the person without funds should fail to respond to Uncle Sam's appeal for the means to carry on the war, and the Lord be praised, there can be few in this potential land too poor to be represented in the great loan. America will win the war, assuredly America MUST win the war. We have right, humanity, and the fullest justification before God to succeed.

AND IT IS GOING TO BE VERY MUCH CHEAPER TO WIN THE WAR THAN TO LOSE IT. Always bear this in mind.

These are but few of the reasons why loyal men and women should capitalize their patriotism by lending their money to the fairest Government in all the world, and every dollar invested in the Third Loan will contribute to the bringing of peace.

It has been said that the Prussians are sleepwalkers ravaging the earth under the hypnotic suggestion of the mightiest charlatan that every made subject the human mind, and that they are running mad with homicidal mania which can be checked only by the might of American arms.

Consequently, a Liberty Loan forms the most effective support possible to our brave sons and brothers, and the list America's loyal supporters of the fighting men in the of subscribers to the new loan will really be a roll of honor of trenches, on the sea, and in the air service.

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THE JADE BRACELET

By MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

LAWRENCE EVARTS was on his way home from his law-office in Somerset when he caught sight of the inexplicable circle in the snow. The snow was hard and smooth, and the circle immediately arrested his attention. It was just outside the compact snow of the sidewalk, in what would have been the gutter had there been any gutters in Somerset.

Lawrence carried a neatly-folded umbrella. He was exceedingly punctilious in all his personal habits. It had threatened snow earlier in the day, although now the sky was brilliantly clear, and the stars were shining out, one by one, in the ineffable rose, violet and yellow tints of the horizon.

Lawrence poked with the steel point of his umbrella at the circle, and struck something hard. He endeavored to lift whatever it was with the umbrella-point, but was unable to do so. Then, frowning a little, he removed his English glove, plunged his hand into the snow and drew it up again with the jade bracelet. It was beautiful, cabbage-green jade, cut out of the solid stone and very large—a man's bracelet, and rather large for his own hand. Evarts had a small hand.

He stood staring at it. He immediately remembered having seen somewhere, in a Chinese laundry, a Chinaman wearing a bracelet of a similar design. But there was no Chinese laundry in Somerset; he could not remember that there was one in Lloyds, which was the only other village for miles large enough to support a laundry.

Once a Chinaman had penetrated to Somerset, but the hoodlum element, which was large and flourishing, had routed him out. He had disappeared, presumably for more peaceable fields of cleanliness, although there had been dark rumors which had died away, both for lack of substantiation, and of interest in the uncanny heathen—as most of the citizens adjudged him.

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Lawrence stood gazing at the thing with wonder; then obeying some unaccountable impulse, he slipped it over his right hand, the one from which he had removed the glove. Immediately the horror was upon him. He realized, although fighting hard against the realization, that there was another hand beside his own in the jade bracelet. He gave his hand a sharp jerk to rid himself of the sensation, but it remained. He could feel the other hand and wrist, although he could see absolutely nothing. Only his sense of touch was reached, and one other, his sense of smell. Overpowering the clear, frosty atmosphere came the strange pungency of opium and sandalwood. But worse than the uncanny assailing of the senses—far worse—was something else. Into his clear Western mind, trained from infancy to logical inferences, Christian belief, and right estimates of things, stole something foreign and antagonistic. Strange memories, strange outlooks, seemed misting over his own familiar ones, as smoke mists a window.

Evarts snatched the bracelet from his wrist and gave it a fling back into the snow. Then something worse happened. He still had the feel of the thing on his wrist, but the pull of the other hand and wrist became stronger, he fairly choked with the opium smoke, and the strange cloud dimmed his own personality with greater force. He drew on his glove, but unmistakably it would not go on over the invisible bracelet.

"What the devil!" Evarts said quite aloud. He could see in the snow the clearly-cut circle where the bracelet had fallen. He withdrew his glove, picked up the thing again, put it on and walked along, shaking the snow from his hand. It was unmistakably better on than off. The strange sensations were not so pronounced. Still, it was bad enough, in all conscience.

Presently, as he walked along, Evarts met a friend, who stared at him after he had said good-evening.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?" he asked, turning back.

"No," replied Evarts shortly.

"You look like the deuce," his friend remarked won-

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deringly. Evarts was conscious that the man stood still a moment staring at him, but he did not turn. He walked on, feeling as if he were in handcuffs with the devil. It became more and more horrible.

When he reached his boarding-house he went straight to his room, and did not go down to dinner. No one came to ask why he did not. He had not any intimates in the house, and, indeed, was one who was apt to keep himself to himself, regulate his own actions and resent questions concerning them.

He turned on his electric light and tried to write a letter. He was able to do that, as far as the mere mechanical action was concerned. The other hand moved in accordance with his. But what he wrote—! Evarts stared incredulously at the end of the first page. What he had written was in a language unfamiliar to him, both in words and characters, and yet the meaning was horribly clear. He could not conceive of the possibility of his writing things of such hideous significance, and, moreover, of a significance hitherto unknown to him.

He tore up the sheet and threw it into the waste-paper basket; then he lit his pipe and tried to smoke, but the scent of opium came in his nostrils instead of tobacco. He flung his pipe aside and took up the evening paper, but to his horror he read in a twofold fashion, as one may see double. There were horrors enough, as usual, but there were horrors besides, which dimmed them.

He tossed the paper to the floor, and sat for a few moments looking about him. He had rather luxurious apartments: a large sitting-room, bedroom and bath; and he had gathered together some choice things in the way of furniture and bric-a-brac. He had rather a leaning to Oriental treasures, and there were some good things in the way of Persian rugs and hangings. Just before his chair was a fine prayer-rug, with its graceful triangle which should point toward the Holy City.

Suddenly he seemed to see, kneeling there, not a Moslem but a small figure in a richly-wrought robe, with a long slimy

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braid, and before it sat a squat, grinning bronze god. That was too much.

"Good God!" Evarts muttered to himself, and sprang up. He got his coat and hat, put them on hurriedly and rushed out of the room and the house, all the time with that never-ceasing sensation of the other hand and wrist in the jade bracelet. He hurried down the street until he reached the office of a physician, a friend of his, perhaps the closest he had in Somerset. There was a light in the office, and Evarts entered without ceremony.

Dr. Van Brunt was alone. He had just finished his dinner and was having his usual smoke, leaning back luxuriously in a very old Morris chair, well-worn to all the needs of his figure. He was a short man, heavily blond-bearded.

"Thank God, I smell tobacco instead of that cursed other thing!" was Evarts' first salutation. Van Brunt looked at him, then he jumped up with heavy alacrity. "For Heaven's sake, what's to pay, old man?" he said.

"The devil, I rather guess," answered Evarts, settling himself in a forlorn hunch on the nearest chair.

Dr. Van Brunt remained standing, looking at him with consternation.

"You look like the devil," he remarked finally.

"I feel like him, I reckon," responded Evarts gloomily. Now that he was there, he shrank from confidence. He felt a decided tug on his wrist, and hardly seemed to realize himself at all, because of the cloud of another personality before his mental vision.

Dr. Van Brunt stood before him, scowling with perplexity, his fuming pipe in hand. Then he said suddenly: "What in thunder is that thing you've got on your wrist?"

"Some token from hell, I begin to think," answered Evarts.

"Where did you get it?"

"I found it in the snow near the corner of State Street, and I was fool enough to put the infernal thing on."

"Why on earth don't you take it off, if it bothers you?"

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"I have tried it, and the second state is worse than the first. Look here"—

"What is it?"

"You know I never drink, except an occasional glass of wine at a dinner, and an occasional pint of beer, mostly to keep you company."

"Of course I do. What—?"

"You know I am not in any sense a drinking man."

"Of course I know it. Why?"

"Why?" Evarts faced him fiercely. "Why, then, do I see things that nobody, except men who have sold their souls and wits for drink, see?"

"You don't."

"Yes, I do. I must be mad. For God's sake, Van Brunt, tell me if I am mad, and do something for me if you can!"

Van Brunt sat down again in his chair and took a whiff of his pipe, but he did not remove his great blue eyes from Evarts.

"Mad, nothing!" he said. "Don't you suppose I know a maniac when I see him? What on earth are you ranting about, anyway? And what is it about that green thing on your arm, and why don't you take it off?"

"I tell you I am in the innermost circles of hell when it is off!" cried Evarts.

"What made you put the thing on, anyway?"

"I don't know. My evil angel, I reckon."

Dr. Van Brunt leaned forward and looked closely at the jade bracelet. "It is a fine specimen," he said. "I have never seen anything like it, except"—he hesitated a moment, and was evidently endeavoring to recall something. "I know where I saw one like it," he said suddenly. "That poor devil of a Chinaman who started a laundry here five years ago, and was routed out of town, had its facsimile. I remember noticing it one day, just before he was run out. Don't you remember?"

"I don't know what I remember," replied Evarts. He jerked the bracelet angrily as he spoke, then gave a great

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start of horror, for the invisible thing which he felt had seemed to come closer at the jerk.

"Why on earth don't you take that thing off?" asked Van Brunt again. He continued to smoke and to watch his friend closely.

"Didn't I tell you it was worse off than on? Then he gets so close, ugh!"

"He? Who?"

"Don't ask me. How do I know? The devil, I think, or one of his fiends."

"Rot!"

"It's so."

"Sit down, Evarts, and have a pipe, and put that nonsense out of your head."

"Put it out of my head?" repeated Evarts bitterly. Suddenly a thought struck him. "See here; you don't believe that I am talking rationally," he said.

"I think something has happened to upset you," replied Van Brunt guardedly.

"I see. Well, try the thing yourself."

Evarts as he spoke withdrew the bracelet with a jerk. He paled perceptibly as he did so, and set his mouth hard, as if with pain or disgust. He extended the shining green circle toward Van Brunt, who took it, laughing, although there was an anxious gleam in his eyes.

Van Brunt, oddly enough, since he was a large man, had small hands. The bracelet slipped on his wrist as easily as it had done on Evarts'. He sat quite still for a second. He gave one more puff at his pipe, then he laid it on the table. His great blond face changed. He looked at Evarts.

"What is this infernal thing, anyhow?" he said.

"Don't ask me. I am as wise as yourself. But now you know what torment I am in." Evarts spoke with a feeble triumph.

"You don't mean you feel it without the bracelet?"

"Try it."

Van Brunt took off the bracelet and laid it on the table

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beside his pipe. His face contracted. "My God!" he ejaculated.

"Now you know."

"Good Lord! I am remembering devilish things which never happened. I am going backward like a crab."

Evarts nodded.

"You mean you feel the same thing?"

"Don't I?"

"As if some infernal thing was handcuffed to you?"

Evarts nodded.

"Well," said Van Brunt slowly. "I did not think I believed in much of anything, but now I believe in the devil." He took up the bracelet. Evarts made a sudden gesture of remonstrance. "For the love of God! let me have it on again," he said hoarsely. "I don't think I can stand this much longer."

Van Brunt gave the bracelet to Evarts, who slipped it over his hand, immediately an expression of something like relief came over his face.

"You don't feel quite so—with it on?" asked Van Brunt.

"No, but it is bad enough anyway. And you?"

Van Brunt grimaced. "As for me, I am handcuffed to a fiend," he said.

Evarts sat down, with the bracelet still on his wrist. "Van Brunt, what does it mean?" he asked helplessly.

"Ask me what is on the other side of the moon."

"You honestly don't know?"

"I can't diagnose the case, or cases, unless you are crazy and the microbe has hit me, too, for I am as crazy as you are."

Evarts looked down at the shining green circle on his wrist.

"I wish I'd let the thing alone," said he.

"So do I."

Suddenly Van Brunt arose. He was a man of a less sensitive nervous organization than the other, and his mouth was set hard, and even his hands clenched, as for a fight.

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"See here, old fellow," he said, "we've had enough of this. It is time to put a stop to it. Have you had any dinner?"

"Do you think—?" began Evarts.

"Well, you've got to eat dinner, whether you want to or not. This is nonsense!"

Van Brunt struck the call-bell on his table violently and his man entered. A look of surprise overspread his face as he looked at his master and Evarts, but he said nothing.

"Tell Hannah, if there was any soup left over from dinner to warm it immediately, and send up whatever else was left. Mr. Evarts has not dined. Tell her to be as quick as possible."

"Yes, sir," replied the man.

"And, Thomas."

"Yes, sir."

"Get a bottle of that old port, and open it."

"Yes, sir."

After the man had gone Evarts and Van Brunt sat in a moody silence. Both were pale, and both had expressions of suffering and disgust, as if from the contact of some loathsome thing, but Van Brunt still kept his mouth set hard. He even resumed his pipe.

It was not long before dinner was announced and he sprang to his feet, and laid his hand on Evarts' shoulder. "Now, come, old man," he said. "When you've got some good roast beef and old port in your stomach the mists will leave your brain."

"The mists are on your brain, and you have the good roast beef in your stomach," returned Evarts bitterly, but he arose.

"But I haven't the old port," said Van Brunt with an attempt at jocularity, as the two men entered the dining-room. Van Brunt kept bachelor's hall, and a neat maid was in attendance. Her master saw her quick glance of amazement at their altered faces.

"You may go, Katie," said Van Brunt. "Mr. Evarts and I will wait upon ourselves."

After the maid had left Evarts leaned his elbows on the

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table and bent his head forward with a despairing gesture. "I can't eat," he almost moaned.

"You can and will!" replied Van Brunt, and ladled out the smoking soup. Evarts did eat mechanically, and both men drank of the old port. They sat side by side at the table, for the greater convenience of serving.

After Evarts had finished his dinner, and the two men had despatched the wine, they looked at each other. Evarts gave a glance of horror at the green thing on his wrist. "Well?" he said, with a kind of interrogative bitterness.

Van Brunt tried to laugh. "Take that confounded thing off and put it out of your mind," he said.

"You want to wear it yourself," Evarts returned almost savagely.

Van Brunt laughed. "No, I don't. I can stand it," he said, "but I'll be hanged if I believe I could suffer much more in hell. The devilish thing is converting me, paradoxically."

"What does it mean?" asked Evarts again.

"Don't know. If it keeps up much longer I'll try a narcotic for both of us."

"Not"—Evarts shuddered.

"No, not opium, if I know myself."

As he spoke, Van Brunt had his eyes fixed upon a spot directly in front of the fireplace, and Evarts knew that he saw what he himself saw—the horrible, prostrate figure covered with embroideries, and the grinning idol.

"You see?" he gasped.

"Yes, I do see, confound it! I'll do something before long."

"You feel as if"—

"Yes."

—"there is something between us?"

"Yes. Don't talk about it. I'll do something soon, if it keeps up."

Evarts made a quick gesture. He grasped the table-knife beside him.

"I'll do something now!" he cried, and made a thrust.

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Van Brunt's face whitened. Almost simultaneously he grasped another knife and did the same thing. Then the two men drew long breaths and looked at each other.

"It's gone," said Evarts, and he almost sobbed.

Van Brunt was still pale, but he recovered his equilibrium more quickly.

"What was it?" gasped Evarts. "Oh! what was it? Am I going mad?"

"Going mad? No."

"There's a reason why I ask. It concerns someone very dear to me. I have not said much about Agnes Leeds to you; in fact, I have not said much to her; but sometimes I think that she—I have thought that I—when my practice was a little better. Good God! Van Brunt, I am not mad, am I? That would make marriage impossible for us.

"You are no more mad than I am," said Van Brunt. He gazed at his friend scrutinizingly. "What case have you on hand now?" he asked.

"The Day girl's; the murder case, you know."

Van Brunt nodded. "Just so. You have had that horrible murder thing on your mind, and—say, old fellow, your collar looks somewhat the worse for wear"—

"Yes, my laundress failed me this week, and I have been so horribly busy today that I have not had time to buy some fresh ones before the stores closed."

"Just so. And you wished that there was a Chinese laundry here, I'll be bound!"

"I don't know but I did," admitted Evarts, with a dawning expression of relief. Then his face fell again. "But what of the jade bracelet?" he said. He glanced at his wrist and gave a great start, "Good God! it's gone," he cried.

"Of course it is gone," said Van Brunt coolly. "It never was there."

"But you—saw it?"

"Thought I saw it. My dear fellow, the whole thing is a clear case of hypnotism; something for the Psychical Research. You were all overwrought with your work, nerves

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in a devil of a state, and you hypnotized yourself, and then—you hypnotized me."

Evarts sat staring at Van Brunt, with the look of one who is trying to turn a corner of mentality. Then the door was flung open violently, and Van Brunt's man rushed in, pale and breathless.

"Doctor!" he gasped.

"What is it?"

"Oh, Dr. Van Brunt, there's a Chinaman dead right out in front of the office door, and he's got two stabs in his side, and he's got a green bracelet on his wrist!"

Dr. Van Brunt turned ashy white. "Nonsense!" he said.

"It's so, doctor."

"Well, I'll come," said Van Brunt in a voice which he kept steady. "You run and get the police, Thomas. Maybe he isn't dead. I'll come."

"He's stone dead!" said the man in a shocked voice as he hurried out.

"Oh, my God!" said Evarts. "If we—if I—killed him, what about Agnes?"

"I can tell quickly enough which of us killed him," said Van Brunt rising. Both men hurried out of the room.

There was already a crowd around the ghastly thing, and police uniforms glittered among them. The fact that the dead Chinaman happened to be in front of his office had no significance for anybody present. There was no question of suspicion for either himself or Evarts. Some men held lanterns while Van Brunt examined the dead Chinaman. It was soon done, and the body was carried away in an undertaker's wagon, with the crowd in tow.

Then Van Brunt and Evarts entered the office. Evarts looked at his friend, and he was as white as the dead man himself.

"Well?" he stammered.

Van Brunt laughed, and clasped him on the shoulder. "It's all right, old man," he said. "My knife did the deed."

"But"—stammered Evarts, "I—was on the heart side."

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"What if you were? Your knife went nowhere near the heart. Mine cut the heart clean. I lunged around to the front of the thing. Don't you remember?"

"Are you sure?"

"I know it. You can rest easy now."

"But—you?" said Evarts in a voice from which, for very shame, he tried to suppress the joy.

Van Brunt laughed again. "It was a poisonous thing," he said. "Did you see his face?" he shuddered in spite of himself. "Men kill snakes of a right," he added.

"But how do you explain—?"

"I don't explain. All you have to consider is that you did not do it; and all I have to consider is that I have set my heel on something which would have bruised it."

As he spoke he was preparing a powder, which he presently handed to Evarts. "Now, go home, old man," he said. "Take a warm bath, and this, and go to bed and dream of Agnes Leeds."

After Evarts was gone Van Brunt stood still for a moment. His face had suddenly turned ghastly, and all the assumed lightness had vanished. He struck the bell and told his man to bring up another bottle of the old port. When it came he poured out a glass for himself and gave one to the man. "You've got a turn, too, Thomas," he said.

The man, who was shivering from head to foot, looked at his master.

"Did you see its face, sir?" he whispered.

"Better put it out of your mind."

"He looked like a fiend. I doubt if I can ever stop seeing him," said the man. Then he swallowed the wine and went out.

Van Brunt settled himself again in his old Morris chair, and lit his pipe. He gave a few whiffs, then stopped and gazed straight ahead of him with horror. The face of the dead Chinaman was vividly before his eyes again.

"Thank God, he does not know he did it!" he whispered, and a good smile came over his great blond face.

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"SELFDETERMINATION"

Is it Consistent Under Our Government

By U. S. SENATOR LEE SLATER OVERMAN

NOTE: Senator Overman's article on Selfdetermination is the first extended interpretation of the President's new world issue. The President has declared that he will adhere steadfastly to the policy which this article defines. Senator Overman as Chairman of the Committee of Rules of the Senate, is the Administration Senator, and the author of the Overman Bill, drafted at the request of the President, and attacked as giving the President unlimited power.

SELFDETERMINATION, being a part of the ultimate changes due to a proposed program of World Democracy, could celebrate its centennial.

It has been impressing its ideal in the United States for about one hundred and thirty years. In the modern adornment of our war phraseology it may look strange; it may even appear foreign in character because of the attending phrases that have gone about with it. We must not judge old friends by the new clothes they wear. This is an age of splendid phrases. We need education; it is a good thing to get it as we are now, but the relations of the people to their representatives in Washington since the first of them met and framed this Government, have not changed.

There is nothing the matter with our system of Government, only we have grown so rapidly that we require constant readjustment of our political anatomy. In the buoyancy of our great strength we must be careful not to strain the ligaments, not to indulge too freely in the prosperity of our National supremacy. We must learn economy of time, of money, of words. In the latter especially, we must be careful to distinguish between the fact and the dream.

Government as conducted by the will of the people, as expressed by their representatives in Congress, is a business job. When I hear the phrase "Academic Government," or when I am wooed by the proposals of an Association of Nations, there is an intangible feeling that I am lapsing into a speculation rather than approaching a certainty. Either one of

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these accusations of a future state are apart from the exact duties of Government service. We need the advice of our leaders, we need the best elements of educational force, but we need also to avoid alluring dreams inspired by a vision that is irrepressibly magnificent.

THE POLITICAL POWER OF THE SOLDIER

In the phrase " selfdetermination " there is no imaginative idealism. It is exactly what it declares itself, an expression of will for better citizenship. What we determine for the people who have entrusted their wishes for good Government to Congress, is merely a fulfillment of their self interests. In the present emergency of war there can be no question of the highest purpose in any acts of the people's representatives in Washington. Political expedients have been banished for decisive relations until after the war. We have no time to think about personal or private interests now. The only predominant political influence I can see looming up at this time is the political power of the soldier when he returns victorious from the war. It will be then, as it was after the civil war, the soldier will become the reigning political factor. That issue will be one of the remarkable changes through which this country is passing. Old things are passing rapidly away, the new ones are mostly the unforeseen, excepting the one single fact which the whole world faces, the defeat of the German Imperialism.

In America, where there is, in place of the high degree of education in Europe, an inner fire of patriotism based on our love of Liberty, selfdetermination means democratic citizenship and equal opportunity. We are pouring the blood, the youth, the vigor of the greatest Nation in the world into the fight for Liberty. In this great mass of offensive material we are sending out against the German military there is the need of leaders. Not leaders who are in command for their own glory, but leaders who have been appointed by the people, appointed because they understand the will of the people.

A previous situation which confronted the American people in war times exists today. In the Civil War there was

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need for leaders, and they were found by the people, finally entrusted by them to lead. In the Civil War there was a great gathering of men uneducated to the task of leadership. There was a preponderance of ignorance; but there was no uncertainty of war principle, no question of the people's selfdetermination to defend a cause.

THE CONFLICTING VOICES OF SELFDETERMINATION

Enormously expanded, with a population greater in its complexity of feeling as in numbers, the selfdetermination of the people of the United States against Germany is far more complicated than it was then. Living among us in full enjoyment of citizenship various degrees of theorists have accumulated, who by virtue of the freedom of our Government, are pressing their theories upon us. These people, American in law, with us but not of us, are the complicated feature of National adjustment. Their selfdetermination includes many un-American characteristics. Rising from among them one hears the confused murmurs of Socialism, of other isms too numerous to mention that are confusing to men who are accustomed to the simple laws of democratic government. If we project our thoughts toward the ultimate results of a selfdetermination which will include this difference of principles in our National problem of war, the outlook is not desirable. There is, however, a very definite progress in National distinctiveness shown in the war spirit of this country. Decision of purpose, universal patriotism, has been awakened to a higher degree of American citizenship than ever before. Hopeful, inspiring as this fact is, the civil destiny of the country depends upon the selfdetermination of our leaders to direct the will of all the people into a co-ordinate simplicity of plan, and to this end it is better to follow the advice, the direction of our leaders, than to question them, to mistrust their powers because of their gift for leadership.

It has been said that in England the selfdetermination of the people is more effective, more immediate than ours. If Lloyd George is defeated there is nothing for him to do but resign. The selfdetermination of the people in England is

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final. Here we are more faithful to our leaders, more lenient perhaps, because we are not so widely educated to the principles of National expediency.

Since we declared war with Germany our selfdetermination has been educated by the energies of the Government. We have encouraged every means of educational policy. We have spread in every direction a propaganda of patriotic advice, of economic suggestion. The will of our Government since the declaration of war has expressed itself in a strenuous desire to educate the people to the services which they can render the Government by understanding its problems, by knowing how earnestly it is trying to assist the people in National selfdetermination. Always consistent with our form of Government it has not been difficult to exploit, but no energy has been spared by our leaders to impress its importance upon us.

THE PRESIDENT IMPRESSES A NEW WORLD ISSUE

When the President expressed his faith in selfdetermination as a world issue to be desired of all nations, he expressed the will of the greatest Nation in the world. There is no question in the minds that are thinking closely of the enormous changes taking place now, that all countries are at heart republics. The business of Nations, like the business of individuals, desires no threat of imperial authority to restrict it. Our Government is one of selfdetermination, and has been since its birth as a Nation. It is not a poetic phrase, there is no room for such in the business responsibility of the Government.

Among the many obligations which the representatives of the people in Washington are pledged to carry out, is the better efficiency of the Government. The Overman Bill, which the President desires, is only another evidence of the effort made by him to improve the program of war; in other words, to fulfil the sentiment of selfdetermination. The bill is not, as amended, an instrument of new power for the President. It is in keeping with his own regard for the principles of Democracy. It confers no further authority upon

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the President than his high office already holds. In only one respect does it affect his power, in the respect that as a leader, to whom the people look for leadership, he will use his judgment in the assignment of certain duties of Government commissions, of which so many have sprung up, that a curb on their expense and their competitive authority has become necessary. There is no violation of the old standard of self-determination in the bill; it continues the principles of our Government to maintain an efficient organization. The President saw the necessity of such a measure because the overlapping of authority in Government management was getting beyond control.

During Mr. Taft's Administration an appropriation was asked from Congress of $100,000 to conduct an investigation of Government cost. The result of that inquiry was that Senator Aldrich declared that by efficient management the Government could save $300,000,000 a year. The Overman Bill is only an Administration principle of Government economy.

ITS SUPREMACY IN INTERNATIONAL THOUGHT

I mention this matter as an intrinsic proof that there is no personal power clause in any Administration legislation, because it would be contrary to the President's own conception of the will of the people who repose such confidence in him, a denial of his widely declared faith in the needs of self-determination in the affairs of the world. Its supremacy in the sentiment of international thought to-day is not because it is among the new plans of expected Democracy, but because it has demonstrated its value in the triumph of its success in the Administration of this great country.

Equal opportunity has been the soil in which selfdetermination has thrived. It is in this fallow earth of rich individualism that the restrictions in Government that have hampered Foreign policies have been removed from ours. There should be no surprise in the fact of its popularity as a world solution.

When the people of the United States inaugurated their

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own form of Government the basic principle of its sponsors in the distinguished personalities of the National representatives was their accord in the sentiment of selfdetermination. The idea was born in America of American character. It has never changed, it has never varied in its struggle for liberty, and to-day the United States is demonstrating that tradition of character established over a century ago.

WOULD LIKE TO SEE JAPAN OCCUPY SIBERIA

It is more than probable that if Germany could express itself in any form of natural outlet, there would be a decided effort at selfdetermination there, too. Until the world has given her that outlet we shall never know how deeply, perhaps, Germany hopes for an equal opportunity to live among the nations in normal comfort.

Russia has, in an indistinct way, made a stab at selfdetermination. The will, at any rate, is there, if the strength is not. Personally I should like to see Japan occupy Siberia. The hesitation on the part of the United States to agree to Japan's occupation of Russian territory is perhaps founded on State caution, rather than actual objection.

Germany's threat to get into England via India is, as usual, German bluff. The issues on the Western Front have not been decided yet. Until they are the road to India is safe.

Selfdetermination in its relation to an adjustment of world affairs, after the war, seems to be an old issue revived under new and difficult conditions. As a principle it prevails now, it is the ideal of Governments, intending relief from monarchical rule.

In its application to this country, especially in our present alliance to win the war, we should rely upon our leaders to adopt it. In our private interpretation of selfdetermination we can do no greater service than stand behind those leaders.

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BOLO PACHA—HOW HE WAS CAUGHT

A Romance of Expert Accountancy

By LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE

NOTE.—The French traitor, who will perhaps have suffered the death sentence before this is published, came to the United States bearing the secret password of the German Foreign Office. He attempted one of the most daring exploits of the war, for personal gain. He juggled millions through the financial blockade. How his trickery was unmasked is a thrilling story of Yankee ingenuity and expert accountancy, for the first time fully revealed, from the actual documents in the now celebrated case.

IT took but five days of expert Yankee investigation to undo the intrigues of a lifetime of crooked scheming!

The story of Bolo Pacha, international adventurer and agent of Germany, has been told in part, as the evidence of his guilt was revealed by the investigation of the Attorney-General of the State of New York; but the inner revelations of this sensational achievement and the machinations of the French traitor have not been revealed.

How the clever paid agent of German propaganda manipulated nearly $2,000,000 of German money through New York banks and succeeded in transferring it to France, and how his plots were unearthed and exposed, is a story of "high finance" in war records never equaled. That great financial institutions like the House of Morgan and the Royal Bank of Canada were Bolo's tools in running this great money blockade, but adds weight to the skill and importance of his operations.

In his morning's mail on the 23rd of September, 1917, the expert accountant, Perley Morse, in reality a statistical sleuth who had served the famous Thompson Investigation Committee in its legislative investigation of the New York Public Service Commission, and in other important probes, received a letter from the Attorney-General of the State of New York, Merton E. Lewis, notifying him of the desire of M. Jules J. Jusserand, the French Ambassador, to ascertain

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and report the activities of Marie Paul Bolo, known as Bolo Pacha, in New York, in connection with the handling and transfer of an enormous sum of German money received presumably from Count Bernstorff at the time he was the German Ambassador to this country.

No hint or clue was given the accountant as to how much or where or when these funds were placed in the banks. Full authority of subpoena was conferred upon Mr. Morse in the name of the State of New York, under the "Peace and Safety" law enacted by the last legislature and, for the first time since its passage, invoked by Governor Whitman in the interests of the French Government at the request of Secretary of State Lansing.

HOW THE SLEUTH ACCOUNTANT WORKED

With a pocket full of blank subpoenas and nothing else, Mr. Morse started out for Wall Street. His long acquaintance with the big financial houses and his trained intuition led him to believe that an affair of millions concerning the German propaganda would lead into the whirlpool of American finance. He hardly expected, however, to find that the proverbial blundering agent of Teuton propaganda would dare to use, as a clearing house for enemy money, such a great proally American firm as J. P. Morgan & Company; yet, after two days of relentless search, backed by the power of the Government, the trail led unmistakably to the corner of Wall and Broad Streets.

So skillful had been the cunning of the German agent that Morgan & Company was utterly innocent of having been made a cat's-paw of German intrigue designed to poison the minds of the French people and overthrow the French Ministry. When Mr. Morse acquainted the Morgan firm of the facts that he had so speedily unearthed and notified them of his mission, the ponderous ledgers of the great banking house were thrown open to him and to his experts. Every facility was given him to trace out the clever manipulations of the German agent. The story of intrigue unfolded itself as much of a surprise to the Morgans as to himself.

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Photograpic copies were made of every entry, every slip and every letter relating to Bolo's transactions and thus were further trails opened leading from the Royal Bank of Canada and to the great banking house of G. Amsinck & Co.; the Deutsche Bank and to the New York branch of the French banking house of Perier & Co., where it was revealed that Senator Charles Humbert, owner of the great Paris newspaper, *Le Journal,* and a French Senator, had an account to which $200,000 of the $1,800,000 fund was credited.

Without waiting to examine the many witnesses that Mr. Morse had listed through his discoveries of the financial juggling, lest the apparently guilty man escape, a brief summary of the discovery was conveyed through Secretary of State Lansing to Ambassador Jusserand and cabled to France. This was September 28th. September 29th Paul Bolo Pacha was in prison charged with high treason.

THE MASS OF EVIDENCE REVEALED

Then came the detailed work. By the sixth of October four witnesses had been subpoenaed and their testimony, amounting to more than forty thousand words, taken in secret chambers in a prominent hotel. Mr. Morse also made out two immense reports, covering every detail and including a score of more of photographs of checks, check stubs, bank slips, ledger pages and similar evidence as well as many original papers. Later a little more evidence was added and more testimony. All of this, a decidedly bulky bundle, was sent across to France and lay stacked upon the desk of the French prosecutor of Bolo Pacha during his futile fight for life.

Thus it took exactly five days to expose the trickery of that curly-haired Levantine, ex-hairdresser; ex-chum of the Khedive of Egypt, Abbas Hilmi, the Kaiser's friend, from whom he received his title of "Pacha;" ex-friend of the brother of a Pope; ex-intriguer in German propaganda in Switzerland; debaucher of his once beloved France; and to supply the evidence that today finds him in a narrow cell in a

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French prison awaiting the hour when he shall be led forth to face a firing squad.

Who is this unscrupulous traitor-branded adventurer who fell into the clutches of Yankee ingenuity?

Some score of years ago there thrived in Marseilles a little provision shop. The worthy merchant hung in his window one day a card: "Ici Garcon Desiré." An attractive boy of fifteen paused at the card. He was a boy looking for a job and here was a job for a boy. He went inside and secured the place. His duties were to carry baskets of provisions to the homes of customers.

WHO IS THIS ARCH INTRIGUER?

Marie Paul Bolo was his name, son of a poor clerk. He quickly won the friendship of many of the shopkeeper's customers—the women customers—and soon was on the high road to popularity. But he was not content to carry delivery baskets of provisions. One of the customers was the proprietress of a famous hairdressing establishment. With an eye to business and noting the charm of the boy, she took him in and taught him to curl hair and to make milady's coiffure.

The fifteen-year-old boy was an "opportunist"—he was glad not only to earn more francs per week but to work where he could become acquainted with the stylish and wealthy ladies of the city. Possessing the good graces that recommended him to the fair ladies of this fashionable French port he, like "John Paul Bart," in the well-known play, "The Tailor-Made Man," saw no incongruity in basking in their favoritism.

There is always a class of women—a large class—who judge a masculine by his curly hair and long eyelashes rather than by his moral and mental worth, and Marie Paul Bolo capitalized his good looks to the utmost—they lifted him out of the drudgery of an errand boy's existence.

Many of the customers fell in love with him. One set him up in the fresh lobster business. He failed. Another started him in a restaurant. He failed. Another bought

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him a trading vessel. He failed. Then came Mme. Panon, at that time the most beautiful woman in Marseilles and one of the most beautiful in France. Her hair, under Bolo's deft fingers, became a marvel of beauty and charm and she fell in love with him.

A few months ago this once beautiful wife of a famous artist, old, bent, wrinkled, blind and disgraced, stood before this man in court and added her testimony against him.

But at the time he met Mme. Panon he was twenty. She was the wife of a successful artist. She took all of her husband's money, more than a hundred thousand francs, and ran away to Paris with Bolo. There is nothing particularly new in this—woman has done it over and over. The same result has occurred. She fell ill, he spent all of her money, or got it all away from her, deserted her and ran off with an opera singer.

His matrimonial and near-matrimonial adventures are too complicated to follow. He made boasts of securing large fortunes through marriage. During his trial in France this Spring testimony concerning his marriage to a singer of Buenos Aires came up. Said Bolo, "But Argentine is so far off, it was so long ago—and it is of no importance whatever."

With the paris opera singer, after deserting Mme. Panon, he acquired considerable wealth and met many notables, including high French officials. Among these was Joseph Callaux, formerly Premier of France. With powerful acquaintances he sought to increase his fortunes in various financial deals. In the Summer of 1914 he met the nephew of Abbas Hilmi, then Khedive of Egypt and through the nephew met the Khedive in Egypt and proposed that they start an international bank with the brother of Pope Benedict as its president.

BECOMES AN EMISSARY OF THE KHEDIVE

Then came that famous trial of Mme. Callaux for the murder of Gaston Calmette, editor of *Figaro*. The Khedive

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had been a guest at the home of Mme. Callaux in Paris and she had been his guest in Egypt. The Khedive promptly sent Bolo back to France with a personal message to Mme. Callaux and to arrange for her communication with him. Soon after Mme. Callaux was acquitted the war broke out and it is the assumption of the French government that Bolo at once saw a golden opportunity to easily win millions and in consequence became a secret agent of Germany.

He returned to Egypt where the Khedive—later removed by the British government—conferred the title of "Pacha" upon him. From Egypt he went to Switzerland, Italy, to Cuba and to South America, but it was his activities in Egypt in connection with the Khedive that caused the British government to remove Abbas Hilmi.

As time went on "Boloism" spread. It was not called "Boloism" then, but many French papers devoted space to articles tending to weaken the morale of the French people by means of urging a peace which, when analyzed, was a peace favorable to Germany.

That was the sort of a man who sailed into New York, armed with introductions, proclaiming his loyal work for his "beloved France," secured upwards of two million dollars from the German Ambassador, gave sumptuous dinners, hoodwinked his own countrymen, juggled checks in a manner that fooled even the House of Morgan and the Royal Bank of Canada and sailed home again at the end of twenty-four days.

Bolo naturally fell under suspicion in Paris. But there was nothing tangible to work on—suspicions alone do not count. It was felt that Bolo was a traitor, but it could not be proven.

In all the annals of finance there has been no case so daring, so amazing, so cleverly mapped out as this. It required the ingenuity of an expert mind to unravel the carefully calculated methods of deception devised by Bolo to conceal the transfers of nearly two million dollars of German money to Canadian banks, back to American banks and thence to his own account in France. How this unscrupulous but remark-

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able man did all this makes a romance of detective accountancy.

Who shall know whether, in February, 1914, when Bolo Pacha went from France to Havana, Cuba, ostensibly to organize a French bank on the island, he did not go by prearrangement to meet Adolph Pavenstedt?

It was evident that he did, as the sequence of revelations show, for three years later, when he came to New York, he went directly to Pavenstedt, the most German of all Germans in America. He came to NewYork posing as a friend of France, as a patriot, as one working for his beloved country, and he went direct to this rabid German, Adolph Pavenstedt, then senior partner of the well-known banking house of G. Amsinck & Co.

At the investigation carried on by Attorney-General Lewis at his secret headquarters in the Murray Hill Hotel in New York city, Pavenstedt (who is now interned as an enemy alien), was subpoenaed. His testimony amounted to thirty thousand words. He made a supreme effort to exonerate all concerned, but his testimony and the evidence also unearthed by Mr. Morse in regard to the handling of the funds, was what convicted Paul Bolo to death before a French tribunal.

A brief summary of Pavenstedt's testimony reveals his attempt to cover up the real motive behind the financial transactions.

In his examination by Alfred Leroy Becker, Deputy Attorney General, October 3, 1917, he said that he had no permanent residence, but was " drifting," that he was a citizen of the German Empire, born in Hamburg and that he hoped to get back to his family in Germany as soon as he could. He said he severed all connections with the firm of G. Amsinck & Co., 6 Hanover St., New York City, on July 1, 1916, and had had no business since.

After touching briefly on meeting Paul Bolo Pacha in Cuba, he said, in reply to questions, that when Bolo Pacha arrived in New York, he knew of his coming through a letter

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from Perier & Co., in Paris, and that he called on Bolo Pacha at the Plaza Hotel.

"He said he could not see me very long," testified Pavenstedt, "that he came on a business matter of grave importance and was in financial difficulties, and he did not go into details. He said that he needed quite a lot of money and he hoped that I would help him as a friend. Then he handed me a piece of paper which he said was a contract which he had with Senator Charles Humbert which he wished me to study through and to let him know if he could see me the next day."

Pavenstedt said he returned the contract to Bolo the next day, that when he got it back later as "security," he gave it to his lawyer and that it could not be found now.

This contract was to the effect that Bolo had bought an interest in *Le Journal* in Paris. He forgot the amounts that were mentioned and the number of shares, but it was a very large interest. Bolo told him all about the earning capacity of the newspaper and that the contract represented the closed sale, but that he had only been able to pay a little and he had to meet his obligations. He declared that the name of J. P. Morgan & Company was not mentioned in any way.

A photographic copy of a letter, secured by Perley Morse, was sent over to France as evidence against Bolo. It was on *Le Journal* letter paper, dated February 10, 1916, twelve days before Bolo Pacha reached New York, addressed to Morgan & Co., in New York, signed by Senator Charles Humbert and read as follows:

"Mr. PAUL BOLO-pacha will deposit to my account with your bank in New York the sum of one million francs converted into dollars (average rate of exchange as of Jan. 31, last.)"

Pavenstedt also testified that nothing was discussed between himself and Bolo Pacha concerning depositing money for Humbert with Morgan & Co.

Bolo, according to Pavenstedt, wanted to put up his shares of Humbert's *Le Journal* as security for ten million francs. He said Bolo told him that his object in buying the paper was to "bring public opinion in France, through the

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press, more around to an early peace. That he thought that was the best thing, that France was bleeding to death." According to Pavenstedt's long-drawn-out testimony, Bolo Pacha was in great distress and must have nearly $2,000,000 at once. Pavenstedt said, under oath, that he told Bolo this was impossible, that it was absurd, that it was not business, as business is conducted in this country, and that no banker or any one else would advance any such sum as that, on such slight security.

Here is the quaint way, in Pavenstedt's own words on the witness stand, in which he explained Bernstorff's part in the affairs:

"Then I felt very uncomfortable about this thing, and I thought myself it was anyhow funny for me as a German, to occupy myself with this kind of business there, for a Nation which was at war with my own country, and then the thought came to me that Bernstorff might be interested in this thing."

When Pavenstedt, according to his own testimony, asked Bolo if it would be all right if he got the money for him from Count Bernstorff, the then German Ambassador, Bolo said he did not care, all he wanted was the money.

The witness was considerably mixed in his dates, apparently, and thought he did not go to Washington to see Bernstorff until considerable time after the actual date of his registering in the Washington hotel. Bernstorff trusted him implicitly and was quite willing to cable the Foreign Office in Germany for this big sum to give to some "unnamed Frenchman!" He told about Bolo's orders for having the money deposited in instalments in the New York branch of the Royal Bank of Canada.

The most amazing portion of Pavenstedt's testimony was that he actually got this sum of nearly two million dollars from Ambassador Bernstorff without telling him the name of the man who wanted it. How this testimony appealed to Deputy Attorney General Becker can best be told in quoting this one question:

"Q.—How Bolo could come over with such assurance of success that even Humbert wrote a letter to Mr. Morgan stat-

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ing positively that the money would be deposited; how Bernstorff could be willing at once, on your suggestion, after you had explained the man's connection, without even giving his name, to inform the Foreign Office that 1,000,700 was necessary?"

The witness had no good explanation to offer.

However, it developed that a considerable number of cablegrams were transmitted between the German Foreign Office and Count Von Bernstorff regarding Bolo's mission, and Bolo was given a password, "St. Regis," to use when occasion required for identification to German secret agents in this country.

The facts—regardless of any testimony—lie in the checks, check stubs, deposit slips and account pages which were unearthed by Perley Morse, the expert accountant.

On March 13, 1916, a few days before Bolo Pacha sailed back to France, the Deutsche Bank of Berlin deposited with the Guaranty Trust Company of New York $500,000.

On March 14 a check signed by G. Amsinck & Co. was drawn to the order of the Royal Bank of Canada for $500,000, and an Amsinck check stub certifies this transfer. On the same date E. C. Piegnatel of the Royal Bank of Canada gave a receipt as follows:

"Received from Messrs. G. Amsinck & Co. by order of Mr. Paul Bolo Pacha, $500,000."

On the same date, March 17—the day Bolo Pacha sailed for France, this "Memorandum" was made out:

"Deposited by Guaranty Trust Company of New York $200,000 for the account of Deutsche Bank, Berlin, by order of H. Schmidt." (Hugo Schmidt, now interned as an enemy alien, was the head of the New York branch of the Deutsche Bank of Berlin.)

On the same date the G. Amsinck Co. deposited $200,000 with the New York branch of the Royal Bank of Canada. The stub and receipt were also in evidence, with this letter signed G. Amsinck & Co.:

"We herewith hand you our check for $200,000—which amount kindly place to the credit of Mr. Paul Bolo Pacha."

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On March 20th the following deposit slip was made: "The National Park Bank of New York. We hand you herewith our cashier check for $500,000 for account of Deutsche Bank of Berlin, by order of themselves and for Mr. Hugo Schmidt. Maurice H. Ewer, Cashier."

The next day G. Amsinck & Co. paid to the order of the Royal Bank of Canada $300,000.

On March 25 G. Amsinck & Co. made a memorandum of a deposit by the Guaranty Trust Company of $200,000, for the account of the Deutsche Bank of Berlin by order of Hugo Schmidt.

April 1 G. Amsinck & Co. deposited $200,000 with the Guaranty Trust Company for the account of the Deutsche Bank and on the same date was found a National Park Bank deposit slip reading: "We hand you herewith our cashier check for $285,500 for account Deutsche Bank, Berlin, as per letter received from Hugo Schmidt." This was also deposited in the Royal Bank of Canada and on April 3 the Royal Bank of Canada acknowledged receipt of the last two sums in one lump from G. Amsinck & Co., for the account of Mr. Paul Bolo Pacha—$483,500.

Not one of these transactions went on the books of G. Amsinck & Co., because the senior partner was then Pavenstedt, and he gave orders to Cashier Williams to transfer by checks without entering the amounts on the books. Cashier Williams' deposition explains this fully:

Albern W. Williams, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

That he resides at No. 157 East 81st Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City.

That he has been Assistant Cashier and Cashier for G. Amsinck & Co., a co-partnership, and also for G. Amsinck & Co., Inc., continuously for some thirty years, and that he is now Cashier for G. Amsinck & Co., Inc.

That Mr. Pavenstedt came to him shortly before March 14, 1916, and said that if he should receive any large payments and did not know what they were for, he was to see Mr. Pavenstedt. Large payments were received, to wit:

On March 14, 1916, he received Five Hundred Thousand Dollars ($500,000) from the Guaranty Trust Company for account of the Deutsche Bank, Berlin. On instructions from Mr. Pavenstedt he paid this money over to the Royal Bank of Canada for account of Mr. Paul Bolo Pacha, accompanied by a letter dated March 15, 1916, in accord-

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ance with the instructions he received, signed by Mr. Pavenstedt in the name of G. Amsinck & Co. Mr. Pavenstedt told him to write this letter and send it with this payment, to take a copy of it, but not put it in the regular copy-book, which he did; Mr. Pavenstedt said these payments were not to go through our books, merely to make them an exchange of checks.

Mr. Pavenstedt, at that time a senior member of the firm of G. Amsinck & Co., and in charge of the finances, had full authority to give instructions to Mr. Williams as he saw fit, and the latter as a loyal employee, obeyed Mr. Pavenstedt's commands

Mr. Pavenstedt came to Mr. Williams later on and said that there may be something brought up about some payments he had made for Mr. Pavenstedt, and if such was the case he was to let Mr. Pavenstedt know. Mr. Williams said: "Don't you think I ought to say something about them to Mr. Ruperti," to which Mr. Pavenstedt replied: "No, I don't think you should, because there is nothing in this; this is a little transaction I did as a favor and it will only bother Mr. Ruperti and there is nothing in it at all."

To further transfer these large sums of money in order to hide all trace of their origin was Bolo Pacha's next step. With the knowledge that the house of Morgan was strongly pro-Ally and that sums from a large financial house of one of the Allies, the Royal Bank of Canada, transferred to one presumably a loyal Frenchman would not be under suspicion, Bolo proceeded to have the money turned over to J. P. Morgan & Co. On March 14, Bolo Pacha wrote as follows:

Royal Bank of Canada,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—

You will receive from Messrs. G. Amsinck & Co., deposits for the credit of my account with you, which deposits will reach the aggregate amount of about $1,700,000, which I wish you to utilize in the following manner:

1—Immediately on receipt of the first amount on account of this sum, pay to Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., New York City, the sum of $170,068.03, to be placed to the credit of the account with them of Senator Charles Humbert, Paris.

2—Establish on your books credit of $5,000, good until 31st of May, in favor of Mr. Jules Bois, Biltmore Hotel. This amount to be utilized by him at the debit of my account according to his needs and the unused balance to be returned to me.

3—Transfer to the credit of my wife, Madame Bolo, with Agency T, of Comptoir Nationale d'Escompte de Paris, a sum of about $524,000, to be debited to my account as such transfers are made by you at best rate and by small amounts.

4—You will hold, subject to my instructions, when all payments are complete, a balance of not less than $1,000,000. Yours truly,

(Signed) Bolo Pacha.

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In a special deposit account of Bolo Pacha with J. P. Morgan & Co. is written this line:

"April 14. By cash from Agency Royal Bank of Canada, N. Y., $1,000,000."

On December 30, all except $259.45 of this sum had been transferred by the Morgan house to Bolo's account in France.

How long Marie Paul Bolo, "Pacha," by courtesy, had been an agent of Germany is not known. But Hugo Schmidt, who styled himself as "Alternate manager" of the Deutsche Bank, Berlin, sent over to New York in October, 1914, to handle the business of the bank, admitted in his testimony that wireless messages to his bank in Berlin via Sayville, secured verification that $1,700,000 was to be placed by "William Foxley"—the German Foreign Office—to the credit of "Charles Gledhill"—Ambassador Bernstorff—received by "Fred Hovey"—Guaranty Trust Company.

It was our Secret Service agents who dug up some of these code messages. It was Mr. Morse who found out every movement of every dollar of the $1,700,000.

And this exposure of propaganda that Germany had been building up and spreading through Bolo, and the financial aid the German Foreign Office was rendering, was added to the already long list of Germany's futile intrigues to win the war by crookery and cash.

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CAN MAN LIVE WITHOUT DRINK?

WILL THE DRINKING OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES DROP OUT OF THE SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY?

NOTE: *The opinions of the physicians and psychologists quoted herewith are representative answers to the above question. The fact that our country is facing the question of whether or not national prohibition will be enforced has prompted* THE FORUM *to ask a number of eminent authorities and publicists if it is possible for men and women to live without the use of alcoholic stimulants. The effect of such abolition is not limited to a moral psychology—there is a physical aspect to the question—"Can man live without drink?"*

Limitation of 2% of Alcoholic Stimulants

By CHARLES W. ELIOT

(*President-Emeritus, Harvard University*)

I beg to express the opinions: first, that the fewer stimulants mankind uses the better for the race; secondly, that the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks containing more than two per cent. of alcohol ought to be prohibited by law, and that such laws ought to be strictly enforced; thirdly, that civilized society ought to prevent not only the evil of alcoholism, but also the other physical evils to which alcoholism frequently leads.

Strikes Off the Mantle of Respectability

By PROFESSOR CHARLES BENEDICT DAVENPORT

(*Director for Department of Experimental Evolution, Carnegie Institute*)

ONE of the first psychological effects of drinking alcoholic drinks is to render more or less ineffective the inhibitory mechanism. To a person who has had a drink the world takes on a brighter aspect, and his limitations seem for the time to be overcome. His fundamental instincts are now able to work themselves out, and especially the sex instinct, as the most fundamental of all, has full play. The

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mantle of respectability with which we all, as members of society, clothe ourselves, falls off. We reveal ourselves naked and unashamed as the kind of human animal that our specific constitutional traits make us. Alcohol, in a word, permits free individual expression; but it is prejudicial to the preservation of the morals.

Abuse of Narcotics no Argument Against Their Use

By JAS. J. WALSH, M.D.

(*Fellow N. Y. Academy of Medicine, Member of Staff of Various Famous Hospitals*)

Can man live without stimulants? Will drinking alcoholic beverages drop out of the social psychology? I suppose that you mean can man live without narcotics? Alcoholic beverages, it is now well known, are never stimulants. They are always narcotics. Men have taken them with the idea that they stimulated them. What really happened, however, as the effect of alcohol, was that they felt better. The heart goes faster, but not because it is stimulated, but because the brake is taken off. Alcohol takes the brake off nearly everything. Men talk more, they eat more than is good for them. Their inhibitions generally are removed. They quarrel easier. Sex inhibitions are lifted. The hard things of life seem easier under the influence of narcotics. They took opium in the Orient, hasheesh in the Near East and whisky in the West. Men have always found some such means of relieving the tedium of existence. I think that they will continue to do so. But then I am one of those who holds very firmly to the opinion that human nature has never changed. Prohibition would probably make the generation more efficient, but then I think that efficiency is the eighth deadly sin. It is a good thing pushed to an exaggeration. I think that it would be wrong to take the good feeling that follows the taking of mild narcotic out of life. Life is too hard for most men without it. The abuse of narcotics is serious, but the old Latin proverb is that from the abuse of a thing no argument holds against the use of it.

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The Entire Elimination of Alcohol Is Questionable

By G. STANLEY HALL

(*President of Clark University*)

In reply to your first question: "Can man live without stimulants?" Yes, of course. I have done so practically all my life, and am now three-score and ten and going on and pretty well, and I have been a hard worker. This does not mean that I did not occasionally drink beer in my German student day; nor that I do not occasionally sip wine at dinners; but in general for weeks and months no intoxicants of any kind pass my lips. I take a cup of weak coffee mornings, no tea, and my chief drink is water.

As to your second question, I doubt it. Practically every race and nation has had its intoxicating beverages, and I am not clear that they should be entirely eliminated.

Man Can, But Will Not, Live Without Stimulants

By HARVEY W. WILEY, M.D.

(*Director, Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health*)

Can man live without stimulants? Yes. But he won't. First of all, what is a stimulant? The proper answer is that which specifically excites without necessarily nourishing. In one sense, food is a stimulant, but food stimulates by nourishing. So we may eliminate this phase of stimulation from consideration. Among the drugs which stimulate without nourishing may be reckoned first of all alcohol. It is claimed by some physiologists that alcohol is a food. No one versed in dietetic lore will deny that alcohol is burned in the body up to a certain limit and furnishes both heat and energy. If sugar be converted into alcohol it makes almost half of its weight in alcohol. If that alcohol be burned it produces as much heat practically as the sugar from which it is made would produce if burned. In point of fact, alcohol has no practical value as a food. Its toxic effects far more than counterbalance any good which may come from its consumption. Moreover, the stimulating effects of alcohol are largely illusionary. Carefully controlled scientific experiments show

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that both physical and mental efficiency is diminished by alcohol instead of increased. Hence the so-called stimulating effect is due to the wrongful interpretation of psychological phenomena. Other drugs also have stimulating effects; among these I mention strychnine, which is supposed to have a stimulating effect physically upon the organism, and caffeine, which is supposed to have a stimulating effect mentally. Quite a number of competent experimenters have found that caffeine exerts no deleterious influence upon mental operation when used in moderation. There is no question, however, of the fact that it produces wakefulness. Inasmuch as sleep is a physiological necessity, any drug which interferes with sleep must in the end prove deleterious even to mental efficiency.

Increased efficiency under stimulation cannot be determined solely by the immediately following phenomena due to the stimulus. The whole course of each individual stimulus must be taken into consideration and also of its continued use. In so far as scientific results have been obtained of such a general view, it must be confessed that they are opposed to the idea of any beneficial effect whatever coming from a stimulant.

In the same category are the so-called sedative drugs of which nicotine and morphine are classed. The sense of rest and relief are not realities. The sensibility of the patient is deadened and thus deceived into forgetfulness. Humanity would be far better off if all stimulant and sedative drugs could be relegated solely to the domain of medicine, where they rightfully belong. The healthy man needs no stimulant and no sedative except the desire to work and the fatigue of labor.

A Psychological Question

By WILLIAM A. WHITE, M.D.

(*Superintendent of U. S. Government Hospital for the Insane*)

You have asked two questions of me which are apparently intended to relate to one another, namely, first, can man

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live without stimulant? and, second, will drinking alcoholic beverages drop out of the social psychology?

From these questions I judge that alcohol is considered as a stimulant. Of course, this is quite contrary to all of our present knowledge in regard to the effects of alcohol. Alcohol, far from being a stimulant, is a depressant. The reason, however, that alcohol has such hold upon people should be considered not from the physiological, but from the psychological standpoint, and when so considered it seems quite apparent that the reason is because it breaks down inhibitions and releases tendencies which otherwise are kept submerged, the general result being that the conventional restraints are removed and the demands of personal responsibility temporarily abrogated and replaced by a sense of freedom and power. The drinker is in this way relieved from the tension and strain incident to the demands of reality and can drop back into a world of phantasy. These demands of reality are so severe and continuous in every life that some surcease has to be accorded to each individual. A normal, well-poised individual gets the relief required in sleep, but the individual of poorly organized personality cannot meet the demands with such continuity, and while he may have spurts of considerable efficiency, he finds it necessary to carry over the relief ordinarily afforded by sleeping into what should be his waking hours of activity, and the means for doing this he finds in the narcotizing effects of alcohol.

It is conceivable that mankind may ultimately get along without alcohol. They will have to if they agree among themselves to no longer manufacture it, but the poorly constructed personality, such as I have referred to above, will always exist simply because it is not a definite thing in itself, but a result of the individual-society relation, and there will always be people who are unequal to the demands made upon them by the society in which they live. Such people, if they cannot get alcohol, will find some other means which will grant them surcease from the constant effort at adjustment for which they are incapable. If such means are not at hand in alcohol or other drug, then they will resort to day-dream-

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ing and phantasy, or perhaps to more definitely pathological mental states—to actual psychoses.

Alcohol Is an Enemy for Which No Defense Can Be Offered

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

(*Ex-Secretary of State*)

That man can live without alcoholic stimulants is demonstrated by the fact that many do.

Alcohol is a poison, as much so as are the drugs which kill more quickly. The human race would be better off if not a drop of alcohol were manufactured in the world, so greatly does the harm done by it outweigh any service it renders as a medicine.

If some are such helpless victims of appetite that they will resort to other poisons when they cannot secure alcohol, the fact is an argument in favor of prohibition rather than against it.

It is better than a few drunkards should die than that the number of drunkards should be increased by the temptation offered through the saloon. Since alcohol is the enemy of the home as well as of the individual and corrupts politics as well as demoralizes society, there can be no defense made for it.

The Majority of Men Drink Very Little

By EUGENE LYMAN FISK, M.D.

(*Medical Director, Life Extension Institute*)

Can man live without stimulants?

Interpreting stimulants as connoting such drugs as caffeine and cocaine, it may be safely said that not only can man live without such drugs, but if he will follow the simple laws of health he will be happier and healthier without them.

Alcohol is not a stimulant, but falls within the class of narcotic drugs such as opium, ether and chloroform. It is a depressant and not a stimulant, its apparent stimulation being due to the final depression of those brain centers that govern conduct, or, to put the matter in plainer Anglo-Saxon, which keeps a man from making a fool of himself.

The question as to whether a man can live without such

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drugs is answered by millions of men who *do* live without them and who keep healthy and have "good times" that will bear analysis.

In an investigation of insurance policyholders it was found in two large companies that 64 per cent. in one company and 55 per cent. in another company were non-drinkers. In an investigation of the mortality experience of British companies the total abstainer was found to have a mortality rate 27 per cent. lower than that of the moderate drinker. In an investigation of the experience of 43 American life insurance companies the steady daily drinker of more than two beers or one glass of whisky, or their alcoholic equivalent, had a mortality of 86 per cent. in excess of the average class of policyholders.

There is abundant evidence that the majority of men in this country drink little, if at all, and there is also abundant evidence that wherever alcohol is found we find a higher death rate. This evidence of the mortality records is supported by the evidence of the laboratory, which shows, especially the experiments of Benedict of the Carnegie Institute, that even small beverage doses of alcohol depress the nervous system and impair the efficiency of the circulation.

It is my belief that coming generations will very strictly limit the use of alcohol after the real nature of its action is fully understood and the people realize that it is a depressant drug and not a stimulant and should be kept on the drug shelf out of reach of the man who has not had it prescribed for him by his physician. Perhaps some genius will discover a drug or a drink that will encourage sociability and break down the barriers between men, but in this, as in other things, we cannot look for a "royal road to happiness." Happiness should be attained by consistent right living, by so improving the health that the normal "hormones" circulating in the blood and tissues which are responsible for that sense of well-being characteristic of abounding health shall be formed in sufficient quantity. Sane and healthful living should be our reliance instead of a toxic, destructive and fake hormone such as we now know alcohol to be.

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MAINTAINING THE COUNTRY'S INDUSTRIES

How the War Finance Corporation Will Meet a Critical Situation

By THOMAS W. LAMONT

NOTE: *Just how the new War Finance Corporation will operate and how its functions will affect the essential industries of the country and the investing public, are herewith clearly analyzed by one of America's ablest bankers, Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, of J. P. Morgan & Co.*

The editor of the FORUM has asked me to explain the reasons for the formation of the War Finance Corporation, and the ends to be accomplished by it, in meeting the critical situation in which the war has involved many of the country's most important industries.

First, then, it should be made clear that, with business as active as it has been throughout the country for the last three years, the demand for new capital to care for this expanding manufacture and commerce is continuous and insistent. The railroads, of course, require huge sums annually for extensions and for new equipment. Our factories must be enlarged to meet the redoubled demands for their products; for the same reason our merchants must carry heavier stocks of goods.

On this general point an indication of how heavily the country's business has increased is afforded by Professor Anderson of Harvard, who has figured that the country's total business for 1917 was 64 billions of dollars, as compared with 30 billions in 1914—a prodigious rate of increase. And even in years of only normal increase the fresh capital requirements of the country have averaged something like three billion dollars each year. So, then, the country is confronted first of all with this insistent, this excessive, this increasing demand for fresh capital in order to carry on its business.

The second situation that meets us is that the sources upon which the country has in normal times been able to draw

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for new capital at present are in large measure closed. This is accounted for chiefly because, reasonably and properly, our Government loans have to a great extent absorbed such funds as normally would be seeking investment. Up to date our Government has borrowed, through popular subscription, almost $6,000,000,000; and in addition, through the issuance of Treasury paper, something like $2,600,000,000. Moreover, all investors are aware that the Government is not only to issue another Liberty Loan in the near future, but will be almost constantly seeking fresh funds for waging the war. For, despite the properly heavy taxes that have been levied, the Government has announced a programme of expenditure that means borrowing from investors each year a sum over four times as large as the total that investors have usually been able to furnish every year as additional capital for our railroads, for our manufacturing and our commercial enterprises.

WHY THE GOVERNMENT MUST ASSIST ENTERPRISES

Thus America must now lend to its Government alone a sum quadruple that which it has in normal times furnished for the maintenance of its industries. Under these conditions the question arises as to what investment funds there are left available to carry on even the absolutely necessary industries of the country. Is it small wonder that these nation-wide enterprises find themselves in a serious situation?

When the Administration realized this situation it set to work courageously to meet it. First, it devised plans to restrict the public issuance of new capital to such industries as are directly or indirectly necessary to the conduct of the war. In established a Capital Issues Committee at Washington, with sub-committees throughout the country, to deal with applications made by corporations desiring to seek new funds from the investment market. The workings of this Committee are much similar to those of a similar body in England where, for over two years, it has been in successful operation. In the case, we will say, of a British municipality desiring funds to develop a new park, permission has been

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almost invariably refused. If it were a question of building a new sewer, permission would probably be accorded. The new park is not deemed essential to the country's immediate interest; the new sewer, however, falls in a different class, as the matter of public health is involved.

Similarly, if a British manufacturer of talking machines wanted to secure new funds from the investment market, permission was refused. But if he required that new money in order to equip his factory to make fuses for the army, he was told to go ahead; and if he couldn't secure capital through normal channels the Government would very likely find some way to get it for him.

HELPING ESSENTIAL WAR INDUSTRIES

This method of favoring the industries most essential to the handling of the war is now well under way in our own country and, according to my observation, is receiving the patriotic and cordial support of all communities. But the question of *how* assistance shall be granted to those corporations, whose continued existence and activity are helpful to a community engaged in war, has not yet been solved. It is the design of the War Finance Corporation to furnish the solution of this problem.

To be sure, it might have been possible for the Federal Treasury to advance funds direct to various corporations, but such a plan was discarded because of the complication involved in having the Government enter into direct relations as lender to many private corporations scattered throughout the country. To the Treasury and now, it would appear, to Congress, it seemed much preferable to set up a semi-governmental body like the War Finance Corporation; the stock of it to be owned by the Government, and to utilize the power and machinery of that body, acting in harmony with the Treasury—to carry out the vitally necessary plan of furnishing capital to such enterprises as may be pronounced by the Capital Issues Committee (whose functions I have already described) as proper and necessary for the continued activities of the country.

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THE SCOPE OF THE WAR FINANCE CORPORATION

The War Finance Corporation will, accordingly, start with an authorized capital of $500,000,000. It will have power to issue its own obligations to the extent of $2,000,000,000. And it is not at all improbable that these obligations, bearing a higher rate of interest than our direct Government obligations, may find a considerable market among investors "between seasons," that is to say, at times other than the Liberty Loan campaigns. Such obligations should be hardly less secure than a Government bond itself, having behind them in most instances the sound promises-to-pay of high-grade financial institutions, backed up by the obligations of the particular corporation which may have secured an unusual line of accommodation from its bank.

Thus in ordinary instances the War Finance Corporation deals not with the corporations seeking new capital, but with the banks which have made advances to such corporations. These banks will be the readier to deal freely with such enterprises, knowing that the War Finance Corporation stands ready in turn to make advances on the security, properly margined, of the banks' notes, backed up by the obligations of the customer. The Finance Corporation may make its advances to the bank by handing to it its own obligations, or bonds; and the bank can utilize these, as collateral to its own notes, in obtaining credit on the books of the Federal Reserve Banks.

A STABILIZER OF INVESTMENT MARKETS

In the case of the railroads it is expected that the Finance Corporation will deal direct. For the money requirements of the railroads will be so heavy that it will hardly be possible for the banks (except possibly in the case of sound renewals) to take care of such needs, even temporarily and even with the knowledge that the roads may seek relief from the Finance Corporation.

As a matter of fact, it is expected that the operations of this gigantic new Corporation will work as a stabilizer in the investment markets of the country and to a certain extent in

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the money markets. Such a realization in itself should be something of a reassurance to investors, large and small, who have been discouraged by the steady decline in all their security holdings in the last year.

Next, when the plan gets under way, those new issues of capital, approved by the Capital Issues Committee at Washington, ought at once to command the attention of prudent investors and of investment banking houses. For, while the committee does not make itself responsible for the merit of the security, its approval on the point that the corporation in question is rendering a necessary service to the community is in itself an indorsement of no mean value.

HOW THE PUBLIC CAN PARTICIPATE

It is quite possible, then, that those new issues which pass the acid test, and whose needs, therefore, are likely to be favorably regarded by the War Finance Corporation, will ultimately be largely absorbed directly by the investment market itself, thus relieving the banks; and also taking the heaviest part of the burden from the Finance Corporation.

The establishment of the War Finance Corporation is calculated to solve not a few other perplexing problems, such as the extension, under proper safeguards, of assistance to the savings banks. I will not attempt, however, to go into all the features of the measure; for I have pointed out the main function of the proposed Corporation. And I am confident, even though it is a most unusual measure such as, in normal times, we should not consider utilizing, that it is admirably calculated to meet a most perplexing war situation. I am confident, also, that in its workings the country will find a solution of many other serious financial problems, and that, when it shall have finally performed and completed its functions, its authors in the Treasury Department and in Congress will find that they have builded far better and more wisely than they knew.

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THE BATTALION OF LIFE

By ROSALIE SLAUGHTER MORTON, M.D.

CHAIRMAN OF THE AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS

IMPELLED by the same overwhelming impulse for service and sacrifice which urged the famous "Battalion of Death" to the defense of Russia, the women physicians and surgeons of many lands are making a stand no less soldierly and grim against the ghastly specters of injury, disease, ravage and starvation which throng upon the heels of war Groups of medical women have been active and efficient since the early days of the great world conflict. Collectively these brave bands are spoken of as "The Battalion of Life," because it is their duty to outwit and conquer death, whether on the open field of battle or in the hidden trenches of privation and disease. War had scarcely thrust its ugly head above the ground in the year 1914 before an impetuous little body of medical women in Europe rose to face the menace. The history of the Scottish women physicians is now so well and widely known that it seems almost superfluous to describe the important services which they rendered to England when that brave country first felt the shock of war and which they have continued to render all through the long-drawn struggle. Their part in the great work of military and civilian medical relief is, however, so necessary as a background upon which to rest the more recent services of American women doctors that a brief review of their activities is pertinent at this point.

The Scottish Women's Hospitals were founded October, 1914. Their unit was made ready and went to Belgium in ten days. They had the lowest death rate from typhoid of any army hospital in that country. The work done by an independent unit, of which Dr. Louise Garrett-Anderson and Dr. Flora Murray were chief surgeon and chief physician, respectively, was so excellent that their personnel were asked to return to England from their army hospital in the Hotel

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Claridge, Paris, in order to take charge of the British Army Hospital in Endell St., London, where there are five hundred and twenty beds. This great hospital was put entirely under their direction and was staffed throughout by women doctors, anesthetists, radiographers, dentists, pharmacists, sanitary inspectors, nurses, orderlies and ambulance drivers.

Four Scottish Women's Hospitals were established in Serbia during the typhus epidemic. In one 600-bed hospital and dressing station 5,000 cases per week were treated by them. In the Scottish Women's Hospitals at Royamont, near Paris (which, under the French Red Cross and French Army, is Hôpital Auxillairé No. 301), when the wounded have been brought in after a great battle, women have operated every hour for three days and nights consecutively. On one occasion thirty-six operations were performed in twenty-four hours. You ask, "Do soldiers wish to be taken care of by women physicians?" The answer is given by soldiers in the armies of England, Belgium, France and Serbia, who, having returned to the front, on being wounded a second time, have requested to be sent back to the Scottish Women's Hospitals. Major (Dr.) Damond, in speaking of Dr. Hanna Hirschfeld, a Polish woman in charge of a division of 108 beds in the French Military Hospital directed by him, said: "She is the ablest physician on my staff."

The value of the army work of women physicians and surgeons has thus passed from speculation to certainty. In Europe ten hospitals, varying in capacity from 100 to 600 beds, have been fully staffed by women. The records of these hospitals show that the gravest cases have been entrusted to them. General Ruotte, Director-General of the Hospitals of the Armies of the Orient; Col. Sondermayer, Chief of the Service Sanitaire Serbe, and all the officers whose duty it is to keep posted on the work of the hospitals in which the Allies' troops are cared for, say that the highest standard of work is maintained in these hospitals in surgery, general, orthopedic and oral, and in the cure of medical cases singly and in epidemics; that the hospital administration is excellent from the standpoints of economy and comfort.

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The women physicians and surgeons of America also felt the call for service in the first years of the war. Several went to England and to France and eagerly performed any helpful service that offered, even if that service were not always strictly medical in nature. Many of these American pioneer standard bearers of "The Battalion of Life" which was rapidly forming behind them are still at work, quietly, unostentatiously, but very effectively. But not until America herself became involved in the great struggle did her women doctors rally in a body to the colors. At the annual meeting in June, 1917, the Medical Women's National Association appointed a War Service Committee, which in turn organized the large, influential and executive body of women doctors now known as "The American Women's Hospitals."

This name was chosen as a parallel to "The Scottish Women's Hospitals," since the aims of the former organization were identical with those of the latter group. Almost immediately The American Women's Hospitals became a clearing-house for the American Red Cross in its work of obtaining and dispatching women doctors to the war zone. At the present writing forty-one women doctors have passed through the office of the American Women's Hospitals on their way to Europe. The work has been carried on so quietly that the public has known practically nothing about it, but the American Red Cross has been fully appreciative of the hearty, patriotic and unselfish cooperation of this loyal group of American women physicians. Added to the approval of the Red Cross was that of the Surgeon General of the Army, and of others in high offices, both military and civil.

As there seemed to be no especially urgent call at first for a body of American women physicians and surgeons in Europe, The American Women's Hospitals occupied itself throughout several months in somewhat indirect medical relief activities. They solicited and obtained three ambuances; they also provided the first motor laboratory made in this country, and it was sent to Serbia, where it was sorely needed. The organization shipped to Europe large quantities

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of ether, instruments, dressings and clothing; it also ministered to the wants of the families of American soldiers and sailors.

All of its ideals were carefully formulated and were frankly laid before authorities for critical examination. Upon learning of the comprehensive plans of The American Women's Hospitals for the establishment of hospitals and dispensaries in Europe, Dr. Alexis Carrel sent the following letter:

"July 25, 1917.

"DEAR DOCTOR MORTON:

"I am very much interested to know of the plan of The American Women's Hospitals, especially that of having a central hospital with surrounding dispensaries in the portion of France which has been devastated by the enemy. The section of the country from which the Germans have retreated is filled with people in need. A great many of them have tuberculosis.

"Your hospital should be a general hospital for all types of village cases, in order that none should feel discriminated against. I would advise you to put yourselves directly in touch in these small towns with the mayor, the priest and the teacher, or, if these executives have been taken by the Germans, with the most representative citizens. They will know the people and can, therefore, be of assistance to you in the good work you are purposing to do.

"Nothing could more increase the good feeling existing between France and America than the women physicians and surgeons, representing the people of America, going directly to the people of France, who, through war conditions, have necessarily had to suffer so greatly.

"I can hardly mention to you one town, for the need is everywhere.

"Madame Carrel will be very much interested in your project and glad to give you advice. Hoping you will be able to send your units across the sea.

"Yours very sincerely,

"(Signed) ALEXIS CARREL."

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Another letter came from Miss Simmonds, a trained nurse, who had served in Serbia:

New York City, July 14th, 1917.

"My Dear Dr. Morton:

"I have just returned from Salonica from the Serbian front there, where I have been engaged in Civilian Refugee work, dealing mostly with women and children who have come down from the villages, now occupied by their enemies. We have one camp about 100 kilometers from the front where we are housing, feeding and partly clothing fourteen hundred of these refugees. One of our greatest needs at present is for doctors, as all doctors are taken for the army, leaving the villages without any medical care at all.

"This would be a wonderful field for women physicians and lay workers, especially for maternity and child welfare work, and social service, for giving out Red Cross food supplies, seeing that the clothing is suitable as to needs and size, running soup-kitchens in the winter, also canteens for soldiers.

"When we first started our camp at Vodena, I had to make three journeys to Salonica, and at the end of two weeks I succeeded in obtaining a doctor temporarily. I was told that all doctors were needed for the army and none could be spared for civilian work. Many women, children and old men die for lack of care.

"When Serbia opens up, which we hope will be very shortly, there will be a very large field for women who are adaptable and can meet emergencies. I have been in this work 2½ years from the commencement of the war and have met many devoted women who were in Macedonia for the work's sake. In conjunction with this, I should like to mention the Scottish Women's Hospitals which are entirely staffed by women, who have done splendid work on the Balkan front.

"I would suggest that anyone volunteering for the Balkans would secure two outfits, as the weather is extremely cold in winter and just as hot in summer. Also a knowledge of the French language is advisable and women preferably,

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who can drive their own automobiles, as one can get repairs done, but it is hard to find a chauffeur.

"Yours sincerely,

"(Signed) EMILY SIMMONDS."

THE BATTALION OF LIFE

On June 24 at the request of Dr. Franklin Martin, Chairman of the General Medical Board, I (as Chairman of the American Woman's Hospital), presented to that body in Washington the outline of work for the American Women's Hospital at home and abroad. This was received favorably and a copy of the address was left with the Secretary of the General Medical Board, at his request, to be incorporated in the minutes of the meeting, and a copy was also left with Colonel J. R. Kean, Director-General, Department of Military Relief of the American Red Cross at that time. Colonel Kean examined in detail the report of the outline of work marked after each division the channels through which American women physicians might enter the Service when called.

Surgeon-General Gorgas, of the Army, expressed great interest in the necessity which unquestionably would arise for the service of women physicians of America in the Military Hospitals. He asked how many there are and was astonished to hear that there are over five thousand women doctors. I said, I believe that fifty per cent. of these would volunteer for some kind of service for our country in her need for physicians.

General Gorgas said that he had received a great many applications from women physicians throughout the country but had been obliged to say that at present there was no duty to which he could assign them, and seemed especially pleased that a representative national organization had been formed to systematize their activities in such a manner as to make them available to the Government.

The attitude of that entire board of physicians from all over the United States was cordial and all seemed impressed with the breadth and scope of the work that had been planned.

On July 10th I received a letter from Dr. Franklin Mar-

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tin, asking me to become a member of the General Medical Board, to represent the women physicians of the United States. He requested me to send him a list of twelve names from which he said he would select other members of the committee.

The American Women's Hospitals is thoroughly organized. Its committees for home and foreign service number twenty,and they cover all the fields of military and civilian relief. Administrative expenses have been met by voluntary subscriptions on the part of people who have had ample opportunity to observe the work of the organization at close range.

The American Red Cross, with its tremendous scope of financial support, has been unable to completely cover the great field of horror, in which hundreds of thousands of Europeans are facing starvation and death. It is therefore with great pride that the American Women's Hospitals, as an association, finds the endorsement of the American Red Cross written upon its pages of high endeavor. The impulse under which these women physicians and surgeons of America have organized for the purpose of relief in Europe, can be therefore properly regarded as wholly unselfish. They are willing to give their lives and their services; they are doing so, but to make any effective campaign in the name of American Women Doctors, and furthermore, to meet the enormous demands which will be made when the great American army is actually on the field of battle, it is necessary to have the American people understand their obligations. The entire Nation is agreed, and has demonstrated, that we must win this war. The American Women's Hospitals represent the most practical expression of that feeling. It is, therefore, with a view to inform the American people of the efforts being made by the American Women's Hospitals to increase the chances, the spirit for which the Allies are shedding their blood, this article is written.

What antagonism there may have been, or rather I should say what disinterest there may have been in the work, important surgical work, performed by the six thousand

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women doctors of the United States, has been stimulated by their united efforts to enter war service.

I have a feeling that the woman doctor has been essentially conservative in her work, she has felt the necessity and importance of her profession with as much sincerity and skill as the men, and now she is simply fulfilling the spirit of comradeship which women physicians have always felt towards men, by going into the war zone shoulder to shoulder with them.

There has been among the various campaigns for funds organized by the Red Cross, no hesitation from the public to contribute, in many cases more than they could afford to the relief of the wounded soldiers in Europe. It is entirely unnecessary to emphasize here the extraordinary liberality which the American people have shown towards any request, touching their sense of loyalty and helpfulness to the Allies. Therefore, the fact that the American Women's Hospitals are at this time making a direct appeal all over the United States for contributions, so that they may be able to finance the great impulse for the work they have planned in Europe, is in accord with the national spirit of the United States in this war. We are making such an appeal. We are asking only for the same sort of help that the great Red Cross, in its much larger way, has done so brilliantly, and has succeeded so well in doing.

In writing this article it has been difficult to find time to adequately present the great prospect of the Battalion of Life on the firing line. But, it has been done chiefly to let the American people know, through the valuable pages of THE FORUM, just what the American women doctors are determined to accomplish for the suffering soldiers, the women and children, and the old people that are in devastated Europe.

My own privilege of seeing the heroism and the needs of Serbia, during my visit there, compels me to emphasize especially the needs of the valiant little country for medical succor. If the American people could only realize the helplessness and the bravery of the Serbian people, they would un-

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derstand just what the American Women's Hospitals will mean to them.

Without the sanction of the Red Cross, such an effort as the American Women's Hospitals are making would perhaps not have the great significance it now has to the American people. The American Women's Hospitals are a part of the National Association, which is an incorporated body. In our expectation for financial help we have brought the plans by which the expenditure of this money will be made, to a minimum cost. For instance, we know that $1,500 will supply an ambulance and maintain it for a year. We know that $1,000 will equip an operating room or a laboratory. We know that $500 will supply and maintain a hospital bed for six months. We know that $100 will feed one baby for a year, or twelve babies for a month.

It is a work supplementary to the Red Cross which has its hands more than full; for that reason they have sanctioned the endeavors of the women physicians to relieve their responsibilities in Europe. If the Battalion of Life is to be reinforced in the way the women doctors of America are hoping for, it must be by the will and generosity of the people themselves.

America has given large sums to establish women's hospitals now in active service, and they are continuing to give them, but these hospitals, splendidly as they are managed and directed, do not essentially represent American work. The women doctors of America feel that the American soldiers should be cared for in American hospitals, under the Stars and Stripes. Patriotism and the sacrifice that goes with it is the very essence of the spirit under which this Battalion of Life is advancing slowly to the front.

The time has now arrived for active and direct participation by American women doctors in the great tragedy of European suffering. The American Women's Hospitals, now recognized as a reliable source of information and of supplies, both material and human, has been urged to establish immediately hospitals in the war area similar to those known as the Scottish Women's Hospitals.

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The American Committee in Devastated France is eager to have a hospital equipped and financed by this resourceful and highly specialized organization. Colonel Pribecivich, who has been active in recruiting Serbians in America, has made a pathetic appeal in a letter to the American Women's Hospitals for a much-needed hospital of not less than 250 beds on the Macedonian front. There is no hospital for those brave modern Crusaders who leave their new-found peace in America to take up arms for Serbian liberty and justice.

The story of the twenty thousand fine young men, unassuming, dignified, reserved, and withal so fired with love of right, who have left their congenial occupations in our country and have gone forth to suffer and, if need be, die in their far distant fatherland is but imperfectly known to the American people.

The pitiful absence of facilities for medical and surgical relief in Serbia is practically unknown in this country. Such appeals as the letter from Colonel Pribecivich pleading that skilled women physicians and surgeons come to the aid of his poor boys at the front have nerved the medical women to make their first public appeal for a large sum of money.

The American Women's Hospitals wishes to establish at once a hospital in Serbia and one in France. They are fitted and are eager to care alike for soldiers and for civilians; from the inspection of civic sanitary conditions to the conduct of the base hospital; from the care of refugee children to the care of expectant mothers.

The need of physicians from this country is tremendous. Both military and civil conditions in Europe demand large numbers of our finest doctors. The work of civil relief is being almost exclusively put in the hands of women doctors so as to leave the men free for military service. But in the past three and a half years of the war the work of many women physicians of all countries has proved to the world that the woman doctor has also a place in caring for sick and wounded soldiers.

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WHAT YOUR BOND PURCHASE WILL ACCOMPLISH

The following figures give one a definite idea of what his or her loan to the Government by the purchase of Liberty bonds will accomplish when used by the War Department.

One $50 bond will buy trench knives for a rifle company, or 23 hand grenades, or 14 rifle grenades, or 37 cases of surgical instruments for enlisted men's belts, or 10 cases of surgical instruments for officers' belts.

A $100 bond will clothe a soldier, or feed a soldier for eight months, or purchase 5 rifles or 30 rifle grenades, or 43 hand grenades, or 25 pounds of ether, or 145 hot-water bags, or 2,000 surgical needles.

A $100 and a $50 bond will clothe and equip an Infantry soldier for service overseas, or feed a soldier for a year.

Two $100 bonds will purchase a horse or mule for Cavalry, Artillery, or other service.

Three $100 bonds will clothe a soldier and feed him for one year in France, or buy a motorcycle for a machine-gun company.

Four $100 bonds will buy an X-ray outfit.

One $500 bond will supply bicycles for the headquarters company of an Infantry regiment.

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THE THEATRE IN REVIEW

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

Al Jolson, "Classic" Minstrel

IT must be amusing, and perhaps gratifying, for Mr. Al Jolson and those who have believed in him, when they realized that after several years of success the public has ceased to consider Mr. Jolson only as an entertainer and now classes him by that overworked word, "artist." That Mr. Jolson is amused, I am fairly sure, for when a correspondent from one of the more "high-brow" magazines arrived to interview him, he chuckled and said, "What, a black-faced comedian in ———!"

However, it is only a man coming into his own, for Mr. Jolson has won national popularity, and besides being the immortal "*Gus*" of the New York Winter Garden shows (he is always "*Gus,*" a negro servant), he has at last acknowledged that he writes most of his own material, and his name appears as author of at least four or five of the song hits in "*Sinbad,*" the latest production. Then, too, he has had a fair share in the producing of the play—he engaged various members of the cast and sent his critical eyes toward the scenic artists—all of which means that Mr. Jolson has arrived. Incidentally, he can now be ranked among the highest salaried men in America, and no one can begrudge him his earnings, for he has paid it back in the rarest of coin—laughter. Mr. Jolson's first stage experience was as one of a group of children in Israel Zangwill's play, "*Children of the Ghetto.*" It was in the nature of a runaway, and after three days his father learned of the budding career and it ended. Young Jolson was not to be discouraged, however, for through a severe apprenticeship, including the circus, the cafe, burlesque and vaudeville, he arrived at the negro characterization which has since made him famous. Yet it remained for someone beside Jolson to suggest the black-face. Once it was put on, however, all the negro songs and stories

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became convincing, and it has remained—not only for the two seasons he was with Lew Dockstader, but since. In his newest extravaganza, "*Sinbad,*" the very modern personages who live about a Long Island Country Club are suddenly, by Hindu occultism, revealed in their former personalities in the days of *Bagdad.* One of them was "*Sinbad the Sailor,*" another "*Aladdin,*" still others, plotters in quest of the magic lamp—and the whole theme set in Oriental scenes that are riots of the barbaric days of a story-book Orient. All this, however, serves but as a background to "*Gus,*" who becomes "*Inbad, the Porter.*" He wanders through every scene always with a "tail of laughter to follow after." When occasion offers, he sings some of the Dixie melodies that have made his name synonymous with the phonograph—but he is always Jolson—the conjurer's magic permits no anachronism in his personality. Hence the contrast and the comedy.

A Civil War Play

Lionel Barrymore's "*Milt Shanks*" in "*The Copperhead*" is a drama of the Civil War, the last two acts bridging forty years, and making possible, because of the passage of time, one of the most dramatic acts that has been shown the theatregoing public in some years. "*The Copperhead*" may be a great play, or may not—the opinions are divided—but it tells a rapidly moving story, and has always for its background Abraham Lincoln, who "lived just across the pastures" from the scene of the play. The name of the play is derived from the copperheads, that very active band of pacifists who did so much to hinder the army of the Union throughout the Middle Western States. "*Milt Shanks*" was their leader, and for forty years he was the object of revilement.

Lionel Barrymore returns to the speaking stage after nearly twelve years of motion pictures and artist life in Paris. He gives a commanding performance; one that presages a run for "*The Copperhead.*" Strangely enough, however, it was not Mr. Barrymore's acting in the last episode of the play that brought tears to the eyes of many of the audience

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during the performances I witnessed, but the very stirring end of the first act, which, to my mind, is the finest bit of stage illusion that has been offered in some time. Certainly, one would have to be a very poor patriot not to rise with the rest of the house and join in a cheer for the marching men, as with fife and drum they cross the back of the stage—the first company off to the great Civil War.

Playwrights and Their New Productions

Frederic and Fanny Hatton have the distinction of being able to say that they have two successful comedies playing in adjoining theatres. One of these, *"Lombardi Ltd.,"* arrived early last fall; the other, *"The Squab Farm,"* is more recent, having only been "tried out" in several of the smaller Eastern cities.

"The Squab Farm" is a mixture of typical Hatton smart conversation, melodramatics, pretty girls who might be expected to sing and dance at any moment, and a dash of subtle vulgarity. As a whole, it is a most amusing play, and as the story tells of a motion picture director who has made violent love to each new applicant for work (providing, of course, she was beautiful), there is a chance for the audience to glimpse how pictures are made. This fact alone may interest many, for there is always a majority of people anxious to "see the wheels go round." The play is particularly well acted, Mr. Lowell Sherman proving once again that the stock company is the real American school of dramatics. Mr. Harry Davenport, who has been directing motion pictures for one of the largest film corporations, returns to play a leading role with the skill that made his absence from the spoken drama regretted, while a young woman named Helen Barnes, who first gained popularity with the *"Follies,"* proved the assertion she made when she left the *"Follies,"* that she could really act. She had a good part, and she made the most of it, being perhaps the most engaging of the many pretty girls in the production.

The Hattons, by the way, learned their craft by a long apprenticeship as dramatic critics. Judging from their suc-

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cess in recent years (they are responsible for "*Years of Description*," "*The Great Lover*," "*Upstairs and Down*," etc.), being a critic is more than a fair way to start playwriting.

Acting seems also to be a good school for playwrights, for we have had several plays from the pens of men and women who learned the subtle points of their work through stage experience. William Hodge is of this company, for it has been definitely announced that the several people who guessed that "Lawrence Whitman" was none other than William Hodge with his pen in his hand, were correct in their surmise. Mr. Hodge has written all of his plays since "*The Man from Home*," and his latest, "*A Cure for Curables*," which he did in collaboration with Earl Derr Biggers, is being enjoyed by friendly audiences. The play is based on a story which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and tells of a young doctor who inherits his uncle's Rest Cure and a set of patients. He banishes their medicine and by a ruse gets them into the fields. What happens once they are out of doors is most amusing, and there is just a touch of drama to carry the thread of the story. It is a clean little play containing some laughable types. Mr. Hodge has a character not vastly different from the characters he usually portrays, and his easy, thoroughly American, manner, his breeziness, all combine to make the play "go."

Mr. Hodge, by the way, has never had a long run on Broadway since "*The Man from Home*." His plays always interest a certain class of people, and after they have seen his latest offering, he departs for the road, where it is said this his producers plan to do a million dollars' worth of business with each Hodge production. Perhaps this is because the road knows the value of clean laughter—if so, I hope that some day Mr. Hodge will be able to stay in New York for a whole year—it might be a good sign.

Some Revivals—And by Way of Contrast Some New Musical Comedies

Another spring visitor is Nazimova, who is to play in a series of Ibsen's dramas. Her first offering, "*The Wild*

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Duck," is one of the least known of his plays, largely because it is a drama that contains no "star" part. Nazimova, however, has been generous enough to give it a hearing, and has surrounded herself with a clever cast. She has announced that she will also play *"The Doll's House"* and *"Hedda Gabler."* The Russian actress learned English in a single summer, and these roles grant her the opportunity to display her emotional gift.

Two other revivals are *"The Master,"* which Arnold Daly was playing a year ago when he was taken ill and had to stop his performances, and Mary Shaw in *"Mrs. Warren's Profession."*

"The Master" proves just as entertaining as it did when first shown, and has settled down to prosperity. The George Bernard Shaw play is, of course, too well known to need comment. The two thoughts that occur to the audience is, " why did they make such a fuss over it when it was first produced," and " why does Mary Shaw not appear more frequently?" She is one of the finest actresses in America and should not be allowed to remain in semi-retirement.

Another actress who earned an enviable reputation, yet has not been seen in several years, is Amelia Gardner. She formerly was with the Frohmans, and lent her brilliant acting to a score of famous productions. It is rather a shock to find her playing a musical comedy mother in *"Oh, Look."* Not that she fails to play the part perfectly, but rather that she should be wandering in and out of a musical play when the drama needs good actors.

"Oh, Look," by the way, is one more musical comedy made over from a successful farce of a few years ago. This time *"Ready Money"* was the farce slashed and set to music, and Harry Fox, who has amused vaudeville audiences here and in London, and added still to his fame by marrying one of the Dancing Dolly Sisters, is the star. The play has several very musical tunes, and a lot of clean laughter. What more can any musical comedy require?

"Toot-Toot" is still another case of a successful farce brought out of the theatrical attic and set to music. As

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"*Excuse Me*" it played and played and played, and as "*Toot-Toot*" it has been played a season before it arrived in New York. The musical version, as in the original, has its action in a railroad station and on a Pullman car. As most of the male passengers of 1918 are in khaki, there is a popular note that receives enthusiastic greeting. The best song is "The Last Long Mile," the Plattsburgh marching song of the 1917 officers' training camp. It was written for the hikes by Lieut. Breitenfeld, and as it is staged, makes a splendid spectacle.

Still a third musical comedy, though this time one that depends on its own slight book, is "*Follow the Girl.*" As I left the theatre I overheard a man remark to his companion, "It's a fair little show, rather conventional." His companion looked at him quickly. "Fair little conventional show?" she mimicked, then with a decided trace of disgust, "Well, it's clean, it has pretty girls, some good music, a comedian that's funny. Can't you forgive the conventionality?"

Not a bad rejoinder.

One note in the play that was not conventional, however, was when a chorus girl whose name was listed among the "*guests*," walked apart from the comedy and dancing girls of the second act. Later it became known that she had spent three years in various Winter Garden productions and that her name was Dorothy Godfrey. She confessed afterwards that she was not surprised at her success, explaining that she decided that she had spent all the time she was going to spend as an "unknown," and that if it cost her her position, she was going, for at least one performance, to stand out from the "guests" and do something. So she danced, and laughed, and assumed grotesque attitudes, and each encore found her more in favor. The management, fortunately, believes in encouraging cleverness, and she will probably be a principal in the near future, for you only have to give the stage a novelty to attract attention—and attracting attention is synonymous with always having engagements—yet it is dangerous and daring—if one is in the chorus.

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A New Farce—The Bible as a Drama, and Some Plays That Have Run All Season

"Sick-a-Bed" is a reminiscence of many things we have laughed at and are glad to laugh at again—in a new setting. The very absurdities of the situations are mirth-producing and recall Mark Twain's famous definition of humor. "Humor," said the great satirist, "is the lie to the truth." "Sich things can't be," sayeth the old lady—but why characterize a farce with any other name? Ethel Watts Mumford, the author, has outdone herself in smart lines and laughable situations. Mary Boland is the apotheosis of the sweet in the "sweet" prevarication of love, but Edwin Nicander is the veritable jumping-jack of the play, who makes the farce a scream. His is a part of perpetual motion, with a laugh pill in each glass.

As it approaches the end of America's first war-time theatrical season, it is interesting to note the plays that have been successful, and why. Going back to last August, when the theatrical year officially opened, *"Business Before Pleasure,"* which Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman made from one of Mr. Glass's famous Potash and Perlmutter stories, arrived on August 15th, and is at present being played by two companies. The reason for its success is that it is good, clean comedy-drama, written around a motion picture corporation. This is the third play in which the Jewish partners have quarreled their way to success, and not only London, but Paris as well, has laughed at their business ventures. *"Maytime"* has succeeded because it is light opera of the very highest type, while *"Eyes of Youth"* draws through its unusual theme and presentation. It is a play of episodes, allowing a wide scope of acting, and the whole knit together by the fact that the girl is reading through a crystal the various destinies that may be in store for her. These four plays, as well as *"The Tailor-Made Man"* and *"Cheer Up,"* at the Hippodrome, have all had seven months of prosperity, which means the management responsible has made money. Also, it proves fairly conclusively that a good play for war time is a good play for any time, for drama, spec-

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tacle, musical comedy and comedy-drama are included in the short list of plays that arrived in August and have remained throughout the winter.

It would hardly be fair to conclude a review of the current stage without mentioning Stuart Walker's remarkable production of "*The Book of Job.*" Mr. Walker, with characteristic daring and insight, picked up his Bible, and with very little cutting made a drama from the history of Job and his comforters. He is perfectly frank in saying that he produced the book in play form because it interested him, and from the latest reports it has interested a number of other people, for the series of special matinees has been indefinitely prolonged.

George Gaul, who has been playing the negro Genesis in "*Seventeen,*" played "*Job,*" and rose to truly dramatic heights. It is a far cry from a comedy negro to "*Job,*" one that shows what a large part luck plays in success, for Mr. Gaul was truly lucky to have the chance of appearing in such a part. David Bispham spoke the lines for the "*Voice out of the Whirlwind,*" while Judith Lowery and Margaret Mower (who has graduated from the ranks of the Washington Square amateurs and is now a "truly player") are the two narrators. Miss Mower is to appear in some modern dramas in the near future, and those who recognized her as a talented amateur are waiting for herto take her real place in the world of theatrics.

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U. S. ARMY NURSE CORPS, UNIT F.

By GEORGE ALLEN ENGLAND

GRAY, clinging mist; gray gulls that wheel and cry
In mournful cadences; gray sails that creep
Ghost-like to sea
Beneath gray monotones of winter sky.
Will she, who once was mine, our vigil keep?
Will she come back to me?

Silent and sad she smiled, with tear-brimmed eyes.
Hands clasped a moment; parted; she was gone
I knew not where.
The sword flamed at our Gates of Paradise,
And though I wait in places loved and known,
Not now I find her there.

Winter, green spring must pass; high summer burn
In golden splendor; autumn's scarlet blaze,
And snows lie cold
Across the world, before she may return
Once more to tread our long-remembered ways,
Dear to us both, of old.

Sometime? And will there really come, at last,
From this gray mystery of sky and sea,
A wonder-day
When—all this leaden waiting gone and past—
My arms shall gather her again to me,
No more to go away?

Dim, drifting mist; vague gulls that soar, that cry
In desolate cadences; gray sails that creep
Half-glimpsed to sea,
Beneath this cold, impassive winter sky.
Wilt thou, who once wert mine, our vigil keep?
And, thy great duties done, across the deep,
Come bravely back to me?

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NEW NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

By CHARLES FRANCIS REED

"The White Morning"—

Under the old rule of "ladies first," Mrs. Atherton's "The White Morning,"[1] heads the books of the month. It is a book that, had it been published anonymously, would have attracted immediate attention, not only because it is a piece of work well done, but because it embodies the spirit of victorious womanhood; because it gives voice to a thought that the tongues of the air are speaking, "will the women make possible the end of the world war?"

"The White Morning" is largely German in setting, though Gisela, the aristocratic daughter of a German Junker, who it its heroine, has spent some time in America as a governess. Gisela is an idealized type of womanhood. She is as beautiful as Brunhilde, capable of the deepest affections—a woman who loves, who has the courage to know right and wrong; a woman able, in the greatest moment of her life, to banish her happiness for the carrying out of the work she has taken upon herself.

At the opening of the story the reader finds a typical German household, the women imbued with the accepted German belief that the men of the family are the superiors, yet beginning to resent the fact that they have no self-expression, that their natural gifts cannot be trained and used, that even in their loves they must follow the wishes of the family male.

It is such a home that Gisela leaves to spend four years in America, and on her return to Germany she establishes herself as a student in Munich, one of the most advanced of German university towns. There one glimpses German

[1] "The White Morning," by Gertrude Atherton. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1 net.

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women in social revolt, and there Gisela slowly develops her literary ability and becomes famous as a playwright.

So far the book has been a frank exposition and study of character, but with the coming of the war Mrs. Atherton strikes a deep melodramatic note, and it carries the reader forward with breathless admiration. To disclose the actual end of the book would be to spoil as clever a fiction as has been offered in some time. The book is well worth while, possible, but, unfortunately, hardly probable, and when it is written that Mrs. Atherton, in writing of Germany and German women, is able to do so because of long years of associations in that country, the word pictures double in value.

Mrs. Atherton, by the way, has done as much, probably more, than any one other person to give us, through her various war writings, portraits of German life as was before the war. The German rulers, by way of return, have placed a price on her head, condemned her to death, though she is not losing any sleep because of their Imperial order, nor is she slacking the flow of her virulent pen.

—*And Some Other War Books*

Another American who the German authorities would probably care to have in their possession is Arthur Guy Empey, the fellow who went over the top and returned to write one of the best books of the war. Empey, through his books, his lectures and his newspaper writings, has done more than a little to rouse latent patriotism, and in his latest book, "The First Call," [2] he sets out to tell the new soldiers of the United States, as well as the "folks at home," something of warfare.

A great deal that Empey puts in this new book is not unknown to readers of war books, but he has a manner of telling that is interesting, and certainly some of the truths can be heard more than once. The following is not uninteresting by the way of introduction, even if we have heard it before:

[2] "The First Call," by Arthur Guy Empey. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

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"The United States is at war. To many of us, as yet, the above fact carries no significance; it is merely accepted as something disagreeable which cannot be avoided. In this immense and wonderfully rich country of ours it is hard for the people to realize that they have entered the greatest conflict in history—the bloodiest, the cruelest of them all.

The actual scene of fighting is too far away; all about them is industry and prosperity. Recruiting posters and men in uniform seem strangely out of place. It is hard to reconcile the two. To bring war home to the individual, to make him realize its awfulness, that individual must suffer; he must *see* war, must *live* war, must *breathe* war.

This war is really not so far away, although thousands of miles separate us from the scene of armies tearing and rending at each other's vitals. The distance is bridged in a few minutes by the cable and telegraph conveying the news that a loved one has fallen on the field of battle. When the casualty lists begin to appear, then, and not until then, will the people as a whole fully realize what this war means to them. It took England more than a year to awake to the seriousness and magnitude of the task before her. It must not take America that long. To win this war every American must do his and her share to help, and *start right now,* because delay means the useless sacrifice of thousands of lives of our best manhood.

We are not fighting an honorable enemy; we are fighting murderers and pirates, and the sooner they are stamped out the safer it will be for civilization.

"We are at war with Germany, not only Prussianism and militarism, but with the *German people* and *everything connected with Germany.* The trenches are manned by *the German people;* Prussianism and militarism are supported by the *German people; German people* are sinking our ships, killing our boys, and bombing our hospitals. Is Uncle Sam going to sit idly by while this is going on? Not likely; it's against the old boy's nature. So up and at them, America!"

Then, too, there is a second chapter addressed to the mothers of the nation, and Empey sends them a message which should be both comforting and inspiring. After these two chapters he gets down to business, and the book might easily serve as a hand book of warfare, for he outlines the duties of the various branches of the service, gives pages of advice on military decorations, etc., and then, under the chapter heading of "You're in the Army Now," he proceeds to take a raw recruit through all the phases of a training camp, and to the firing lines. Empey has an advantage over many writers of war books, for he is no reporter writing of something he has seen, but an ex-national Guardsman writing of his service, an ex-Cavalryman, an ex-"non-com" who served in France with the British forces.

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The book tells about everything that any young soldier wants to know, and what the soldiers want to know is the knowledge desired by everyone else. There is a chapter on "The Guns," another on "What to Send Him," a third on "Bugle Calls and Rations," and as in "Over the Top," he finishes with a dictionary—this time of French phrases that will help "Sammy in a pinch."

"Conscript 2989," [3] by one of the draft army, is a humorous treatment of one man's entrance into the great National Army. It is written in the form of a diary, and written very cleverly, for underneath the laugh is a note of homely truth that is all the more interesting because of its unusual manner of treatment. Special mention should be made of the drawings by H. B. Martin, for they have caught the spirit of the text, and are truly humorous. "Conscript 2989" is an interesting little book, quite a good companion for a short train ride.

Another small book is "Sea Dogs and Men-at-Arms,"[4] a volume of Canadian verse by Jesse Edgar Middleton. Most of this verse has appeared in the Canadian newspapers, though two of the poems found their way into American magazines. This is synonymous with saying that it is written with a lilt, and a "punch." It is an interesting volume, and some of the poems are sure to find their way into permanency.

A third small volume is "A War Nurse's Diary,"[5] which was written from a Belgian Field Hospital. The volume had its conception at the moment when war arrived at the little Northern-Midland county hospital, and a nurse found, to her disgust, that there were some thirty thousand volunteers listed ahead of her, and that nurses at the moment of her enlistment were more than numerous. How quickly the resources of the country were shaped under an efficient guiding

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[3] "Conscript 2989," Illustrated by H. B. Martin. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.

[4] "Sea Dogs and Men-at-Arms," by Jesse Edgar Middleton. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

[5] "A War Nurse's Diary." The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

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hand is shown when two weeks later the same nurse stood ready to leave for Belgium, and a career that was to carry her through bombardments, aero raids, which would mean that she would have to take part in the removal of wounded while under fire, and that comfort was to be an almost forgotten sensation.

The volume is anonymous, and it is a pity, for so deep a courage, so saving a sense of humor, should be rewarded openly.

"Under Four Flags for France"[6] has the advantage of being written by a Captain of the British forces, who is also a war correspondent of no ordinary ability. In his introduction he says that the book was written at the suggestion of an American officer who, on his arrival in France, found that he lacked perspective. I cannot help but wonder, after reading such a statement, how many of us have a perspective of the war, how many of us can visualize the conflict in its enormity. It is not to be wondered at, for with such a huge canvas to look upon we can hardly see it all, even with the second glance.

Captain Musgrave's book is certainly as interesting and as illuminating as any chronicle that I have read. He draws his pictures with an eye to diplomatic reasons for army moves, and pictures the effect on the country at large, including the civilian population. Only a man who thoroughly understands army life could make the word pictures so clear, and the captain quotes figures and men in an off-handed manner that is enviable. It is an accurate and up-to-date book, and he ends it with the American Army ready for attack.

Ida Clyde Clarke, who compiled "American Women and the World War,"[7] is the first author to tell how the American women mobilized their forces for the share of the war that they must take on their own shoulders, and the completed volume is a record of work accomplished. The book

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[6] "Under Four Flags for France," by George Clarke Musgrave. D. Appleton & Co. $2 net.

[7] "American Women and the World War," by Ida Clyde Clarke. D. Appleton & Co. $2 net.

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tells in minute detail of the method of organization, taking up first the larger national organizations, the creation of the Woman's Committee, of the work done for food conservation, the Liberty Loan, women in industry, their Red Cross work and the work of the National League for Woman's Service. Following this, the stage organizations are considered, how the women of the various states worked, and the results obtained. The third section of the book goes into the details of foreign relief work, taking up the larger relief organizations. The whole is a very complete hand book of the national service that has been done by American women, and as such it should enable the individual to find the type of work she is best fitted for, and help her to actually start this work.

A Group of Fiction

"Just Outside,"[8] by Stacy Aumonier, is a leisurely written book such as English authors are so capable of preparing. It tells a good story, is always clever, and nearly always interesting, but one cannot help but wish that there was a little more action. I suppose that Arthur Gaffyn was too much a man of moods to ever lose the dreamy reserve that filled him. Even in the incident that introduces him he does not seem to be undergoing any great emotion. And surely any boy going through such a moment would have been roused to something which would have demanded self expression. However, the book must be accepted as a character study, and as such it is a splendidly written struggle between personality and environment.

"The Wishing Ring Man"[9] is a new volume, by Margaret Widdemer, whose "Rose Garden Husband" was one of the more sentimental successes of a season ago. Miss Widdemer has written another book which is slight of texture, but appealing to those who like a swiftly moving love story. It is "light" in every sense of the word, but as the author is

[8] "Just Outside," by Stacy Aumonier. The Century Co. $1.35 net.
[9] "The Wishing Ring Man," by Margaret Widdemer. Henry Holt & Co.

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one of the most skilful of the younger writers, it is presented in a worth-while manner.

"West is West"[10] is the title of Eugene Manlove Rhodes' new book, and Mr. Rhodes knows his Southwest so well that he breathes from the printed page the very spirit of that romantic region. His new story tells of the miners and cattlemen of Arizona and New Mexico, of men who are active, whose standing in their various communities is judged by the things that they do. Some of the characters stand out with unusual vividness, and to all those who like a stirring story, romance and plenty of excitement, it can be truthfully said that Mr. Rhodes lives up to the stories that gave him fame.

Two new books of short stories come, one from Eden Philpott, the other from Stewart Edward White. To me Mr. White's stories are the more interesting, but then Africa and the open game trail has a personal fascination not contained by the people of Cornwall and Dartmouth who inhabit Mr. Philpott's stories. They are human people, for all of their strangeness, and their lives are pictured with the consummate skill which Mr. Philpott has shown so many times in his work. The last story in the book seems the most interesting, though the story about the revolver is grim, and exhibits a compelling picture of passion and love. The author of "The Chronicle of St. Tid"[11] is an artist, and he knows his subject.

Still, as I said before, Mr. White carries with him a larger appeal, and his pictures of Africa and the men and women who are carrying the modern civilization into the heart of the jungle, move with compelling fascination. The latest book, "Simba,"[12] gives Mr. White the opportunity of characterizing the natives he knows so well, and from one of them the book is named. This native—a chubby boy who has yet to receive a name—first meets a white man in the opening episode of the book, and after an heroic incident, is

[10] "West Is West," by Eugene Manlove Rhodes. The H. K. Fly Co. $1.40 net.
[11] "The Chronicles of St. Tid," by Eden Philpott. The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
[12] "Simba," by Stewart Edward White. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40 net.

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named by the white man himself. As the boy grows he attaches himself to the white hunter and finally becomes that exalted personage's gun-bearer and shadow.

The real charm of the book is not the story, but the background of the story, the intimate knowledge of the jungle and the people of the jungle, man and beast. "Simba" is a splendid book, and should add to Mr. White's already enviable reputation as one of our truly great American writers.

A group of other recent fiction sent for review includes a new book by Elizabeth Dejeans, "Nobody's Child,"[13] which is quite as interesting as her "Tiger Coat." The dramatic interest of the story centers about Ann Penniman, "nobody's child," who is the daughter of an impoverished farmer. Why she should be unloved, why her father makes it his business to be always away from home, are questions that the book will answer. The story is well done, and should be popular. Another new book is "Twinkletoes,"[14] from the pen of Thomas Burke, who wrote the very charming "Limehouse Nights." It is a story of a child born among the brutality of Limehouse, and yet managing to rise unsullied from dirt and sordidness. The book is remarkable for the fact that where most authors would have created something decidedly sordid, Mr. Burke has been able to leave the reader a message of actual beauty.

A New Library

The Modern Library [15] is the latest attempt to gather in uniform edition some of the best writings from the pens of various authors. Generally the efforts of the publisher issuing such a library stop when he has delved into the past and brought out some uncopyrighted material of acknowledged worth.

With the Modern Library it is different. The publishers have done something more—they have taken the great modern pieces of literature, some of it so new as to be un-

[13] "Nobody's Child," by Elizabeth Dejeans. Bobbs Merrill & Co. $1.50 net.
[14] "Twinkletoes," by Thomas Burke. McBride & Co. $1.35 net.
[15] The Modern Library, Selected Titles. Boni & Liveright. $.60 net.

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known to the popular mind, and the result is a shelf of books far above the average interest. For instance, what a charm it is to find in a neat little leather volume "The Mikado" and three other plays by W. S. Gilbert, or Lord Dunsany's "Dreamer's Tales," to say nothing of Sudermann's "Dame Care," Samuel Butler's "Way of All Flesh," a volume by James Stephen, and others.

The Modern Library attracted attention when it was first announced, and there were many who smiled sagely and said, "Wait—wait until you see what will be added next." What has been added "next" keeps its standard and its excellence, and the publishers deserve the thanks of modern readers for allowing them to have in a pleasant and truly inexpensive form a great deal that must rank as "best" in present-day literature—and this without reverting to any of yesterday's classics.

SOME NOTABLE BOOKS NOT INCLUDED IN THE ABOVE REVIEW

"The Transactions of Lord Louis Lewis," by Roland Pertwee. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

"Tricks of the Trade," by J. C. Squire. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

"The Soul of Democracy," by Edward Howard Griggs. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

"Dreams and Images, An Anthology of Catholic Poets," edited by Joyce Kilmer. Boni & Liveright.

"A Family of Noblemen," by M. Y. Saltykov. Boni & Liveright. $1.50 net.

"My Uncle Benjamin," by Claude Tillier. Boni & Liveright. $1.60 net.

"Greater than the Greatest," by Hamilton Drummond. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

"Maktoub," by Matthew Craig. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

"The Flame," by Olive Wadsley. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.40 net.

"The Return of the Soldier," by Rebecca West. The Century Co. $1.00.

"Booth Tarkington," by Robert Cortes Holliday. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25 net.

"The Golden Block," by Sophie Kerr. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40 net.

"The War Cache," by W. Douglas Newton. D. Appleton & Co. $1.40 net.

"The Long Trick," by "Bartimeus." Geo. H. Doran Co. $1.35.

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"Sunshine Beggars," by Sidney McCall. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

"Letters to the Mother of a Soldier," by Richardson Wright. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.00 net.

"The Story of the Salonica Army," by G. Ward Price. Edward J. Clode. $2.00 net.

"Wounded and a Prisoner of War," by An Exchanged Officer. Geo. H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

"The Brown Brethren," by Patrick MacGill. Geo. H. Doran Co. $1.35 net.

"Toward the Gulf," by Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Co.

"Flood Tide," by Daniel Chase. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

"The Life and Letters of Robert Collyer," by John Haynes Holmes. Dodd, Mead & Co. $5.00.

"The Unwilling Vestal," by Edward Lucas White. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

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MONTHLY FINANCIAL SURVEY

By W. S. COUSINS

Money, Money, Money!

The big question before the people of the country today is money: Money for war, money for domestic industry, money for household expenses. When this issue of THE FORUM reaches its readers the big drive for the third Liberty Loan will have been well under way and the oratorical fireworks will be soaring skyward. Those who have been in close touch with the Treasury Department officials charged with responsibility for the success of the loaning operations of the Government say that in the future a greater degree of pressure is to be brought to bear upon the "financial slacker," who is so busily engaged in the art of profiteering that he is totally oblivious of his responsibilities in connection with the successful conduct of the war.

It can be said for the banking institutions and the important industrial organizations of the country that they have responded most generously to the appeal of the Secretary of the Treasury for extraordinary assistance in preparation for the absorption of the third Liberty Loan issue. Every offering of Treasury Certificates, which are in effect advance subscriptions to the Liberty Loan, has been fully subscribed by the banks in the monetary centers, and a large proportion of them will doubtless be transferred into the long-term bonds when they are formally offered. But if the banks must bear the burden which belongs to the country as a whole and to every citizen in proportion to his means, it is obvious that they will not be in as strong a position to finance the industrial developments of the country. People who subscribe to the Liberty Bonds should make every effort to complete their payments as soon as possible, so that the funds of the banking institutions through which they were

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subscribed may be released either for Government financing or for the expanding needs of domestic business. Either the business man must subscribe liberally to the war bond issues or be compelled to finance his own enterprise. Should the offering be a 4½ per cent bond for a five-year maturity there will be less advantage for the transfer of the outstanding first and second Liberty issues into the third issue than if the latter were a long-term security. It is also obvious that if the Government is reckoning on a war of long duration—a logical conclusion according to present indications—it will be more advantageous to put out a bond of long maturity which can be taken care of many years after the return of peace than to be compelled to refund an issue during the latter end of a war period. Five years is a comparatively short time in which to prepare for the repayment of the sum of six billion dollars, especially when the immediate future in regard to extraordinary expenditures is clouded with so many uncertainties. The Government will probably take a leaf from the experience of the corporations and individuals who have been trying to solve their refunding problems in recent months.

Treasury figures showing recent income and expenditures, as well as estimates for the current fiscal year, are quite encouraging and confirm the impression that the necessities of the Government will not be as large as has been heretofore announced. Treasury experts have in their appropriations placed a total of four billion dollars for loans to the Allies and four and a half billions for our own expenditures between now and June 30th, a total of eight and a half billion dollars. From this may be deducted the following items: three billion dollars estimated receipts from income and excess profit taxes and other internal revenues; $853,000,000 present working balance; and one billion dollars estimated from sale of war savings stamps, certificates of indebtedness, customs receipts, etc. This makes a total of four and a half billions, and leaves but four billions for actual appropriations. If to this sum we add one or two billions for extraordinary expenditures, the grand total of the third Liberty Loan should not exceed six billion dollars.

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Words of Praise for "The Street"

"Wall Street shall hereafter be known, not as the ground where private fortunes are made and buried, but rather where the country's fortunes are shaped and safeguarded." It was Internal Revenue Collector William E. Edwards who made this statement recently in an address before the Produce Exchange. Mr. Edwards said, in part: "These are days when we must do everything we are told to do, because the spirit of patriotism enters largely into our relations with the Government. Wall Street may be the bulwark of freedom in the struggle against Prussianism.

"Wall Street trades in what is known as securities. A new meaning has been given to this word by the war, for the security of the nation depends on your securities.

"Some of the stock on the different Exchanges may be below par, but our promises to the Government are always worth above par, because we have always kept them. In your dealings with the Government you have never traded on margin, because you have always paid in full.

"Your word is as good as Uncle Sam's, but Uncle Sam has the privilege of the final say as to just what your bill should be. Let us hope that Wall Street, physically very small, shall become as famous for patriotism and strength as the little Greek army of 300 at Thermopylæ."

That Commercial Boycott

The United States Chamber of Commerce has announced the adoption, by an overwhelming vote of its membership, of a resolution warning German business men that an economic combination will be formed against Germany after the war unless the danger of excessive armament is removed by making the German Government a responsible instrument controlled by the people.

This result makes it plain that Germany cannot be readmitted to the family of civilized nations and recognized commercial owners unless it abandons for ever its policy of militarism and establishes, in place of the present autocracy, a Government system responsible to the people. In the light

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of such a decision it is clear that the most powerful weapon in the world will be invoked against any conspiracy for world conquest and the domination of subject races by the use of armed force.

There cannot be a universal empire, and the rule of weaker people by use of military force will not be tolerated. Germany is the only nation on either hemisphere which aspires to dominate over subject races and seeks to impose its language, institutions and "culture" upon other people against their will. It was plain in 1916 that the Entente Allies stood upon this platform and that Germany then faced a commercial boycott unless she abandoned her political ambitions, but now that the United States may adopt the same policy, no course will be left open to Germany except to yield to the overwhelming force of the public opinion of the world.

Increasing Costs

Attention was called in last month's article to the fact that, like all other commodities, money has its using and loaning value; and money is "cheap" or "dear" in the same way and for the same reason that roast beef and potatoes are higher than they were before the war.

It is for this reason that national significance is attached to the controversy which has been going the rounds among the bankers in New York City relative to the amount of interest they should pay to their depositors for surplus funds carried in their accounts, not that there has been any movement to reduce interest rates. Far from it! On the contrary, some of the ambitious seekers after deposits have brought down on their own heads the wrath of their brethren for boosting from 2 to 3 and even 4 per cent the rate paid on "inactive" accounts.

The Governor of the Federal Reserve Board at Washington, in a statement of cautionary criticism, expressed official disapproval of the competitive policy which, though attracting funds temporarily from one section of the country to another, or from one banking institution to another in the same section, was without effect in increasing the financial

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resources of the country as a whole. In fact, he warned the banks that the continuance of such a system would be most harmful to the country, in that it would have a tendency to lay the foundation for increasing rates all along the line, resulting in higher cost to the Government for war loans and higher prices for commodities to the people.

Official action was taken by the New York Clearing House Association through the adoption of a resolution prohibiting the payment of a rate exceeding the schedule duly drawn up and accepted; and in acknowledgment of the function of the Federal Reserve System as the official rate maker, the bankers of the metropolis have wisely based their calculations upon the rediscount rate fixed by the local reserve banks and approved by the Federal Reserve Board. Instead of specifying a rigid two per cent addition to the Reserve Bank 90-day rediscount rate, the Clearing House adopted the following schedule:

90-day Rediscount Rate	Maximum Interest on Deposits
2 per cent.	1 per cent.
2½ per cent.	1¼ per cent.
3 per cent.	1½ per cent.
3½ per cent.	1¾ per cent.
4 per cent.	2 per cent.
4½ per cent.	2¼ per cent.
5 per cent.	2½ per cent.
5½ per cent.	2¾ per cent.
6 p. c. or above	3 per cent.

The prevailing rate of interest on active accounts has been 2 per cent, which would be effective with a 4 per cent rediscount rate. At the present time the Reserve Bank's rate on 90-day rediscounts is 4½ per cent, thus permitting a 2¼ per cent payment on reserve deposits. It is most unlikely that the extremes of 2 per cent and 6 per cent will ever be made operative by the Reserve Bank, and therefore that interest rates on deposits will be reduced to 1 per cent or increased to 3 per cent. Meanwhile, a basis has been estab-

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lished from which there can be no deviation for unwise and harmful competition, and an important step has been taken for the establishing of interest rates in the country as a whole.

The same principle finds its application in the industrial world in the ever increasing costs of conducting business; wages, raw materials, supplies, everything entering into the make-up of the finished product has advanced many per cent beyond its pre-war basis, and in this fact lies the chief impediment to commercial progress. Prices to consumers are zealously regulated by Government supervisory agencies, in some respects a commendable feature, but not in every instance to the liking of the manufacturers.

Favorable Corporation Reports

Notwithstanding these facts, however, very favorable reports are being submitted every week by the larger industrial and railroad organizations of the country, and in a number of cases initial or increased dividends make these reports still more interesting to stockholders.

A few of the recent reports attracting particular attention are those of the American Woolen Company, United States Rubber Company, Republic Iron and Steel Company, Baldwin Locomotive, Pennsylvania Railroad, American Tel. and Tel., Studebaker Corporation, American Sugar Refining Company.

The current report of the Pennsylvania Railroad shows how financial problems are affecting the roads. During the past year the company increased its gross business by more than $25,000,000, but had at the end of the year $13,000,000 less for dividends than during 1916. A similar story will probably be told of many other properties. Pennsylvania paid out 6 per cent in dividends and earned 7.87 per cent before sinking fund requirements. In January, 1918, according to reports, the Pennsylvania did not earn sufficient to pay its taxes.

In his annual report to stockholders President Theodore N. Vail of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company says that the company has 3,500,000 miles of toll wire, bring-

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ing together in one system all cities and towns and most rural communities in the United States. The traffic last year broke all records, the daily average of toll connections being 1,009,000 and of exchange connections 30,845,000. This means about 100 calls a year for every man, woman and child in the United States. A total of $38,741,106 is available for dividends, as compared with practically the same amount in 1916.

At the end of the year the number of stations in the Bell system was 10,475,678, an increase during the year of 628,486. Of the total number of stations in the system, 7,031,530 were owned and operated by Bell companies and 3,444,148 by local, co-operative and rural independent companies or associations having sub-license or connecting contracts with the Bell companies.

The total wire mileage of the Bell companies was 22,610,478, of which over 2,000,000 miles was added during the year. Ninety-four per cent of this mileage is copper and 59 per cent underground, the total underground plant representing a cost of $254,600,000. The toll mileage of the Bell and connecting companies was nearly 3,500,000 miles, bringing together in one comprehensive, intercommunicating system all the cities and towns and practically all the rural communities throughout the United States.

The annual report of the Studebaker Corporation comments on the heavy decline in the gross sales of the automobile department of the business, as a possible result of which the balance for dividends shows a balance of $3,500,742, as compared with $8,611,245 in 1916.

Total business of the American Sugar Refining Co. for the past year was in excess of $200,000,000. Profits of $10,055,291, resulting from operations after making provision for all taxes, are on substantially the same basis as 1916 and represent a profit far below that ordinarily prevailing in a manufacturing business. The report says that the cost of refining in the United States is on the highest basis known, but the price of sugar in this country is less than in foreign countries, and the American Sugar Refining Com-

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pany's price for refined sugar has been generally lower than its competitors'—at times as much as a cent per pound. This appears from price charts which are submitted with the report. Sugar has not kept pace with the advance in price of most commodities, but, as appears from figures of the Bureau of Labor, the advance in sugar is very much less than the average advance in the price of other articles of food such as milk, eggs, butter, bread and potatoes. Consumers have profited under a competitive system of large units as against results in other fields made up of small units.

The annual report of the American Woolen Company shows evidences of the tremendous demand which came to the mills for clothing and other materials to equip the American Army and Navy, the orders from the United States Government from March, 1917, to the end of the year amounting to more than $100,000,000. In order to expedite the filling of these contracts, the Government advanced the company $16,400,000 in cash. The product of the expanded Government business, together with increased orders from private buyers, was the most profitable year the company ever had, the net profit of $15,664,985 being $7,454,224 greater than in the preceding year.

Swift & Co.'s gross sales for the year ending September 30, 1917, amounted to $875,000,000, net profits of $42,318,281 being recorded, making the largest year ever experienced in the history of the country. During the fiscal period, according to Vice-President L. F. Swift, the high prices for livestock resulted in the company paying livestock raisers $141,000,000 more than in 1916, the total disbursement in this connection being $445,000,000. In December, 1917, the average price of cattle was 24.01 per cent greater than in the same month of the previous year; hogs, 70.3 per cent greater; sheep, 30.1 per cent; average cattle, hogs and sheep, 34.8 per cent. These figures clearly illustrate the constantly increasing cost of meats, which has tended to raise the cost of living appreciably. The price of meat, although high, it is stated, has not advanced as rapidly as the price of livestock, because of the higher values realized for by-products.

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Combining for Foreign Trade

With the passage by Congress of the Webb Bill, which enables American exporters to form combinations among themselves for the purpose of pushing the foreign trade of the United States, it will hereafter be possible for American merchants and manufacturers to extend their trade far beyond what would otherwise be possible if they were prevented by the anti-trust laws from entering into combinations. This restriction ought to have been removed long ago, but unfortunately it has heretofore been impossible to obtain from Congress a repeal of the former crippling restrictions.

Americans have become so prejudiced against the very idea of combinations that they have instinctively revolted against the mere suggestion of such a policy. Words and names, however, mean nothing, and it is easily possible that a much-used term which described something universally odious may later be applied to what is highly beneficial in its results and commendable in its purposes.

American exporters who heretofore have been compelled to act individually when they attempted to enter a foreign market were met by the competition of syndicates which had an immense advantage over them in reaching out for trade opportunities.

Adopting racing parlance, American exporters were obliged to enter the commercial race with a heavy handicap, which, however, the enactment of the Webb Bill has entirely removed. From this time forward, instead of the battle for commercial openings abroad being a contest between American exporters acting singly, and comparatively gigantic foreign rivals, it will be the Americans and not the European shippers who will be the big fellows and who will possess the advantage of superior magnitude and weight in the conflicts of trade.

In combinations of any kind, it is the United States and not any European country which can do things on a large scale and make the world see the difference between what, to use a term in geography, is a continent in extent compared with a province or some other unimportant subdivision.

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OBSERVATIONS OF EPICTETUS, JR.

By LEWIS ALLEN

There's a shorter way to spell "efficiency"—it is "w-o-r-k."

You cannot get ahead by day if you get a head at night.

It is foolish to ignore your competitor—study him.

In the geometry of life one eternal triangle generally intersects another.

It is bad enough to tell all you know, but most people do not stop there.

The quickest way to fail is to burden yourself with tomorrow's troubles instead of today's duties.

A man who fails in business may get sympathy, but no praise.

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THE GREATEST INSURANCE BUSINESS IN THE WORLD

More than $12,000,000,000 of insurance upon the lives of members of the military and naval forces of the United States has been written by the Bureau of War Risk Insurance of the United States Treasury.

A year ago the total amount of life insurance in force in the United States was about $22,000,000,000. In a few months the United States Government has written more than 50 per cent. of that amount.

It furnishes this insurance to the beneficiaries at the same rate that private companies would furnish it in times of peace. This insurance is bought and paid for at regular rates by the beneficiaries, except that the nation assumes the additional risk that being in the military and naval service of the country entails upon the beneficiaries.

When Americans give up their private occupations and in obedience to the call of their country and the law of the land, often at great financial sacrifice, face the dangers of war and offer their lives in the service of their country, it is but right and just that upon the nation and not upon them should be put the added cost of insurance their dangerous occupation incurs.

Secretary McAdoo says that the soldier and sailor insurance is the justest, wisest and most humane provision ever made by any nation for its fighting forces. This opinion is shared in by the soldiers and sailors and by the people of the United States. The injustice, the partiality, the inequalities and other evils of the old pension system are replaced by a just, fair and generous insurance system which over 90 per cent. of the fighting forces of the nation have hastened to take advantage of.

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